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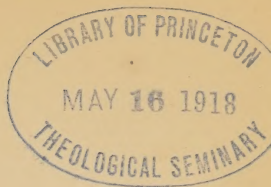
LIFE  
OF  
MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

VOL. II.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND LETTERS.



LONDON  
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LIFE

OF

MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK

AUTHOR OF "SELECT MEMOIRS OF PORT ROYAL"

AND OTHER WORKS.

EDITED BY HER RELATION

CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND LETTERS.

LONDON

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1858





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LIFE  
OF  
MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

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CHAPTER I.

1793—1798.

“The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning light,  
And He that rideth on the hurricane is pilot of the bubble in the  
breaker.”TUPPER.

NONE, I think, can have read the autobiography which closes with the preceding volume, without regretting its abrupt termination, and uniting with me in the earnest wish that it had been continued through the more interesting periods of the author's life.

It was dictated to me at intervals during the years 1854, 1855, and 1856. It shows, though but in part, the remarkable character of its author; and

the peculiar, and, in some respects, unfavourable influences under which that character unfolded; while we trace how amidst all the touching sorrows of her childhood she was in God's good providence watched over and nurtured, and even in those early days fashioned stroke by stroke, that she might become meet for the Master's use, a precious stone for His temple.

It now only remains for me, in accordance with the wishes of my beloved and honoured relative, to complete the record of her life, so far as the materials in my possession will permit; but, these records being more or less of a fragmentary character, the following pages will present to the reader passages in her life, and fragments of her mind, rather than a continuous biographical narrative.

About two years after the period when the autobiography terminates, Mary Anne Galton was sent to Margate for her health. She described, in after life, the persons among whom she was there thrown, as "cold and argumentative unbelievers," and as "profane and immoral persons of genius." The effect on her mind of such association was most baneful. But it pleased God to lay her low with typhus fever, and on her recovery it seemed to her "as if a voice had said in her soul, 'Seek me with thy whole heart, and thou shalt not seek in vain.'" Henceforth she often stumbled and fell; but

light and hope were never again utterly extinguished. From time to time they were clouded ; nevertheless they lived, and finally shone more and more unto the perfect day.

The life of the subject of this memoir was not marked by striking or uncommon events. Its course externally lay in the privacy of domestic life, and her happiness ever centred in her books, or in the society of some few intimate friends, and in intercourse with members of her household. The interest of her biography must mainly consist in the representation of a rare and noble character, and the course of providential circumstances by which that character was developed.

Very little additional matter has been preserved relating to her early youth : that little we find for the most part in letters addressed by Mrs. Galton to her daughter, which appear to have been most carefully preserved, even to the least scrap. They manifest a fine intellect, extensive reading, and high mental culture ; but still more do they exhibit a rare unworldliness, and a nobility of mind, which are very charming in themselves, and more especially to be observed here, as the root of the same qualities which afterwards strikingly appeared in her daughter. In reading these letters one perfectly understands and sympathises with the ardent admiration of her mother, which is so often expressed in the auto-

biography, and which neither time, nor absence, nor trials worse than death itself, could change.

Writing to her daughter at Margate, Mrs. Galton speaks of the necessity of "making every sacrifice for her health." She proposes that she should for a time "give up music, because she stoops in reading the notes; that for the same reason she should give up drawing and writing." "Latin and French," she says, "and also some other language, Greek, perhaps, may be as well acquired lying down as sitting."

How expressive of Mary Anne's early interest in intellectual pursuits are the following remarks, addressed to her, then a girl of fifteen!

"I cannot express how much I enjoy Shenstone's prose; indeed, the writing which pleases me most is the prose of poets. Even common ideas make quite a different impression, when set forth by a fine imagination. By the way, upon the subject of composition, Shenstone says, 'it is always an advantage when the stress of the thought is expressed by that word which the voice naturally pronounces with the most emphasis.' He says, too, that 'fine writing is the effect of spontaneous thought and a laboured style;' which I really believe is a very just observation. His moral aphorisms please me inexpressibly. He says, 'One should not kill an insect, or quarrel with a dog, without such reasons

as might acquit us through all the courts of humanity.' One idea pleases me much, that 'a man of genius, by mistaking his talent, loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool, of being undistinguished.'"

When Mary Anne was about eighteen, she paid her first visit to her cousins, the Gurneys of Earlham. Her intimacy with Catherine, the eldest of this family, and the long visits she paid to Earlham, exercised a marked influence on her character. This intercourse has been acknowledged by both parties to have been of important mutual benefit. In a letter, written by Mrs. Catherine Gurney, not very long before her death, to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, she says:—

"I never had a friend more influential and valuable than yourself. You were one of the principal instruments in bringing me to a knowledge of the Gospel." In the early period, of which I am speaking, the minds of both cousins were earnest in seeking religious light and truth, and both were zealous in self-improvement and mental culture. It appears, from letters which have been preserved, that Mary Anne had communicated to the younger members of the Gurney family some of her own zeal for industrious research in various subjects of knowledge. She taught them to make charts, and had drawn out for them plans of study. On the other hand, the

happiness which was given to her life, otherwise too isolated and studious, by these occasional unions with the bright Earlham circle, was an advantage which could hardly be too highly appreciated.

The grave inquiries, to which the tastes and mental wants of the young cousins led them, are indicated by the papers which belong to this period. Among them is a carefully written series of letters, addressed by Mary Anne to her cousin, on the "Evidences and Importance of Christianity." These letters form a clear and simple statement of the doctrines of the Gospel, and exhibit the vigour of the author's mind, as well as much knowledge of the Scriptures: but this is anticipating. The pamphlet was probably written some years after her first intimacy with the circle at Earlham.

In speaking of her early life, a few years ago, and especially of her intercourse with the Gurney family, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said: — "I think I have often spoken to you of my visits to Earlham. On one occasion I remember they had all gone to Meeting, and I remained at home. In their absence, I walked up and down the gallery at Earlham, where were a great many portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century, and I began to think, 'What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?' So on my cousin's return, when she



joined me in the gallery, I said to her: ‘I am twenty, thou art twenty-five; and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true; and, if it is,’ I added, in the folly and ignorance of my heart, ‘I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it; and if not, I shall think no more on the subject,’ and I prayed, if there were a God to hearken, that He would reveal Himself to me.”

In the darkness and perplexity above described, both the cousins received much help and instruction from the late excellent Mr. Pitchford, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who was a frequent visitor at Earham, and to whom, as Mrs. SchimmelPenninck in after life often said, she owed, under God, some of the first distinct rays she ever received of spiritual light.

We find that, in 1798, Mary Anne passed a month with Mrs. Barbauld at Hampstead. It seems to have been the first visit she paid beyond the circle of her family connections, and we find letters from her mother full of minute instructions as to the little courtesies and proprieties of conduct, which bore abundant fruit in after life. At the conclusion of this visit her mother writes to her: — “Be sure not to defer writing a letter of acknowledgments to Mrs. Barbauld. If there be a difficulty in writing it, remember how much that difficulty will be increased

by delay. Do not let these acknowledgments be contained in a *note*, nor let the coldness of the manner undo the effect of the thanks you mean to express. Write a letter, therefore, and not a note, and write a *sheet full*. A *note* of thanks, whatever the words may be, can express only this—‘I have obtained from you all the advantages I hoped; I have acquitted myself according to the rules of etiquette; and so now I have done with you.’ Write a letter, therefore, upon different subjects, and so expressed that she may perceive your heart, as well as your head, to have been interested by her attentions; and that you not only think, but that you feel, justly. I say all this, to counteract the reluctance that I know you feel upon writing this sort of letter; but remember that it is an advantage to encounter, and it is wise to overcome, such difficulties: remember how many greater difficulties will occur in the arduous paths of life; and, if you stumble at a mole-hill, how will you surmount the Andes? Yet the Andes may possibly, during the progress of so long a journey as that of life, rise in prospect before you. . . . I by no means wish you to return sooner than the appointed time. You are very sympathising on our account; but I have no wish to make my daughters suffer either for or with me: they will, in the course of things, have suffering enough of their own by-and-by. However, I am very much pleased with your desire of coming

to serve your father and relieve me ; for I prefer sympathy to every other quality, since it is the only one that enables us to do to others as we would be done by. A person without sympathy can never know how to set about the help he would give, even with the best possible intentions."

Soon after this visit, we find Mrs. Barbauld claiming the promise of her young friend to repeat it, and bidding her "dismiss the green and yellow fiend, Envy," because, in a projected visit to Clifton, she was about to pass so many "hours in free and unrestrained conversation with her favourite Miss Edgeworth."

She ever retained kindly and grateful feelings towards Mrs. Barbauld, together with a very high estimate of her powers. She considered her style as the purest and best of female prose writers. Through life she never ceased to remember with delight the enjoyment she derived from Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns," when read to her by her mother in early childhood ; and, during her last weeks on earth, she turned again to these associations with undiminished tenderness.

On another visit, paid a little later to some relations at Bath, we find Mrs. Galton writing to her daughter as follows. The advice is characteristic of the *sort* of training so carefully bestowed, as well in its excellences as in its defects.

“ I promised last night that a letter should meet you at Bath, but I have already sent four pages to Gloucester, so perhaps you think to get off from the trouble of reading another so soon. In this, however, you are mistaken. Soon after I had finished my letter this morning, I heard a little voice in the nursery, calling ‘Patty;’ so I supposed that Patty was there taking leave, but as I was not inclined to take leave again, I locked my own door to keep you all out. So I escaped one trouble. I shall never say with Romeo, that

‘parting is so sweet a sorrow,  
That I would say, Good night, until to-morrow.’

Nevertheless I have enjoyed your journey already, and your ride over the Lickeys: you are there just at this time, I imagine, enjoying the sunshine and the prospect. I hope the sun may continue to gild all your prospects, not only as you ride to Bath, but also during your whole journey through the world. As I have no news, I have nothing left to fill another sheet of paper, but hopes. I hope, then, that you will remember to look at my wise list of instructions; and I hope, too, you will follow them; and now I am going to add a few more.

“ In the first place, then, I beg you will consider this journey as a lesson which is to teach prudence and circumspection. I hope that, if a great many

young gentlemen resort to the house in the Crescent, you will learn how to behave upon such occasions; not to do too much or too little; not to lay aside established forms, or to practise the starched prude. If young men are present, talk to them as much as you please, but always sit in the circle with the ladies.

“Above all things, enter into no *investigations* with any body; no abstruse speculations, no referring to principles in common conversation, unless your opinion be asked; and then give it clearly *once*; but make no effort to maintain or enforce it, unless some wise and older person lead the way to an argument; and then put an end to it as soon as you can with a jest. Say, ‘I must beg to be excused from going on, lest you should be convinced by my reasons, which I see you don’t like to adopt:’ or say, ‘I am afraid of going on, lest I should be convinced by yours, and so give up the triumph to my adversary.’ Talk about matters of fact. Surely there are follies enough in the world to supply conversation, without referring to reason upon every occasion. Expatriate upon the weather, upon the journey, upon the fashions, upon the faces of people you see; in short, upon all you see or hear, but say very little about what you think, and take care to *think* as little as you can help. To quote Dr. Darwin upon *thinking*, who quotes Sancho upon weep-

ing, ‘Take as little of it as you can, to go through the world decently.’ And I really believe that the regulation of the heart will do more for us than the reasonings of the head. Do lay yours by for a little while, and let it rest. Farewell. My love to Patty, Nancy, and ‘the Squire.’

“L. GALTON.”



## CHAP. II.

1799—1801.

“ Good Lord! How are Thy ways,  
Just like Thy orbs, involved within each other ;  
Thy judgments are like comets  
Which start, affright, and die withal ;  
While Thy mercies are like the stars,  
Which ofttimes are obscured,  
But still remain the same behind the clouds ! ”

THE winter of 1799 Mary Anne spent in London. The extreme delicacy of her health, and the great susceptibility of her organisation, seem to have rendered frequent change of air and scene necessary. Her parents placed her at this time, for the winter months, with Mrs. Beaver, a lady then residing in Dover Street, Piccadilly, who received some few young people of good family, whom she introduced into society. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often spoke with warm pleasure of her intercourse with the young companions she found there. Some amongst them were highly accomplished, especially in the cultivation of the fine arts, and I have heard her dwell with delight on the recollection of evening hours passed in listening to their music. While

in Dover Street, she renewed her intercourse with Mrs. Barbauld, the Edgeworth family, and other literary people; but this period does not seem to have been otherwise influential.

There are many early records of the "views, desires, and resolves" of the subject of this memoir. For the most part, they are contained in fragments of journals. It is deeply interesting as well as instructive to trace in these private memoranda the germ of what, by the grace of God, she afterwards became. Even in lesser things, this is striking.

In a record of what she terms "Desultory Reflections," begun probably when she was about eighteen, are found the following passages. "As far as in me lies, I will never be without occupation, and that of a useful kind." And again,—"Whatever I undertake I will perform in the best possible manner."

Those who knew her in later life saw the fruit of these resolves in the habitual industry which so remarkably characterised her, not only through the course of a long life, even to old age, but often in circumstances of illness, trial, or bodily suffering, which with most of us would have seemed a just cause for idleness. The much she did, and the much she acquired, was no doubt in part owing to this uncommon degree of industry; and yet, no less, per-

haps, was it owing to the integrity of mind she had learnt in childhood from her mother. She speaks of it in her autobiography as "*being*," not "*seeming*;" and in this spirit she ever gave her whole mind to whatever she had in hand. If she read, or heard reading, not a word, much less a thought, escaped her; and even after she had exceeded the three score and ten years allotted to man, few, if any of those around her, gleaned half as much as she did from the book read. It was probably owing not only to her retentive and accurate memory, but to these causes also, that she was indebted for her enlarged information on almost every subject that could be brought before her.

Then again, in the same record, we find, "I will always dress as neatly as possible, having frequently observed that ill humour for the whole day has been owing to the petty discomforts of a slovenly dress. Besides, neatness in dress both indicates and assists regulation of character."

She was wont to say, that "strict attention to habits of personal neatness and propriety were due as a mark of respect to those with whom we lived, and, as such, were no indifferent item in the (so-called) little things which compose the happiness of domestic life."

But to proceed in these extracts. She says,—  
"It is far more effectual to build on the good, than to oppose the bad affections of others."

“ There is no knowledge so useful and so difficult to acquire as that of our own feelings and character and the circumstances which can best influence them. Madame Roland, in her appeal, very justly, I think, observes, that self-possession is much more a science which is to be acquired than any endowment of preternatural strength of mind. God has given to every one, I suppose, the sense and dispositions necessary to act his part well, but owing to some want of self-knowledge of what circumstances are calculated to influence their feelings, people rarely seem to have the guidance of their own conduct. They resemble connoisseurs in music, who, nevertheless, from not understanding their instrument, strike the contrary tone to that they wish to produce. Every one who wishes to act uniformly must not only understand the duties of man, but also the construction of his own peculiar mind ; in the same manner as the musician must not only have a knowledge of music, but also of his instrument.”

“ I will endeavour to weigh as accurately as I can every thing in which I am called upon to act ; and having weighed it to the best of my ability, I will take a decided part, and abide firmly by it.”

“ We love the works of nature, for they are God’s works : how much more ought we to love man, which is God’s chief work.”

“ I will endeavour to be much more careful than I have hitherto been in attaining that entire unity and consistency of appearance, manner, and sentiment which seems to me necessary to constitute perfect truth towards oneself: neither adopting modes of behaviour or appearance from imitation or currency, but from that real conformity with our own true heart and character, which can alone prevent them from being, in the strict sense of the word, an acted falsehood.”

“ I will less endeavour to increase the fund of knowledge which I have already acquired, than to apply it to the best possible profit.”

“ I intend to read none but standard books; that the time I do give to acquiring knowledge may turn to the best possible account.”

“ So far as in me lies, I will never close the day without having done some one a service.”

I could add much more, for these memoranda contain many admirable thoughts. I gather from internal evidence that they were written at very different periods of time.

A succeeding winter Mary Anne passed with Miss Hamilton at Bath. This lady, distinguished for her talents as an authoress, was esteemed by those who knew her as a most amiable woman. She “loved society,” and the best that Bath afforded constantly assembled at her house. Mary Anne was

much sought after and admired ; but the gaieties of fashionable life, even when united with rank and intellect and all that this world can give, never suited her. They met neither her taste nor her conscience. The extreme reserve and sensitiveness which characterised her through life, rendered her silent in general society ; even in youth, numbers oppressed her ; and, when she could escape from the brilliant assemblies of her kind hostess, she would seek for solace in sacred music, or charm some favoured few by the treasures of a mind even then remarkable for its attainments.

A few years ago a lady who mixed in these circles, and who had known the subject of this memoir from early life, described her to me as she then appeared. I cannot resist giving my readers the picture she drew of her young companion, when taking her to a public assembly ; I think it was a concert. " She was dressed with perfect simplicity ; and, as was the fashion of that day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it : the colour on her clear cheek heightened by the scene, she looked beautiful, her simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance ; and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which then as ever charac-



terised her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned."

We find that this visit to Bath was succeeded by pleasant intercourse with Miss Hamilton, as we learn from the following letter written by that lady while staying at the English lakes, and addressed to her young friend:—

"Bowness, by Kendal, July, 1802.

" . . . . . I do not know how you would like this celebrated country; but I think I can, with certainty, pronounce that, of all the lakes, Windermere would be your favourite. It affords some scope for imagination; and, while the grand mountain scenery at the upper end impresses with an idea of sublimity, the gradual openings which appear through the softened scenes on the lower part give the pleasing idea of an opportunity of escape, a sort of open door for Fancy to wander forth when she pleases. How soon we shall personally explore this gate, I know not.

"If you should feel inclined to pass another winter with us at Bath, we should endeavour to suit our time to yours; but if any thing more inviting should offer to you, we shall probably let our house for some months longer, and perhaps stay here during the autumn, and pass some of the winter months at

Edinburgh. The very agreeable manner in which the last winter passed, makes me, I confess, more desirous of a renewal of the same tranquil pleasures, enhanced by domestic society so perfectly agreeable, than anxious for a new scene where I must necessarily be less at my ease. If, however, your plans do not admit of this, you will not hesitate to say so. Whether we enjoy your company or not, your happiness shall be always dear to us. . . .

Circumstances, with which I am unacquainted, prevented the renewal of Mary Anne's visit to Miss Hamilton; but her continued suffering state of health, with her "variable and sensitive spirits, very easy to depress, very difficult to raise," again rendered her mother desirous that a temporary home should be found for her. That such was difficult to find, her mother's letters abundantly testify. We see, in the detail which follows, that "God had provided some better thing" for her than she had even dared to hope. Happily, the narrative is preserved in her own words.

"From very early years I was an observer of countenances; and often did I look at the men of learning I saw at my father's house, and wonder I saw so little happiness and peace amidst so much talent and intellect. Often have I felt as if I would have given worlds to know the truth of what I heard ridiculed and despised; and at certain times when

members of the Society of Friends met at Barr, and their countenances, I thought, spoke of a peace to which the others were strangers, I have watched every word they uttered, hoping something might be said which would throw light on the subject of my constant thoughts, but at this time my search, as it were for a little crumb from my Master's table, was in vain. Years passed on: my family were in the habit of going frequently to Bath to drink the waters, and, when there, of walking in the Pump Room. I became more and more unhappy. On a certain occasion, I was there with my parents; but to tell me to take an interest in what was going on was like showing beautiful pictures or rich jewels to a starving man, and expecting him to find pleasure in them. First, give the bread to appease the cravings of physical or spiritual life, for which the soul is sinking, and then will come ease and leisure of heart to enter into other things. Thus it was with me. On the particular morning to which I allude, I felt I could not go into the Pump Room with my mother, and I asked leave to wait in a bookseller's shop (then Hazard's) close by. I went into an inner room, and sat down absorbed in my own reflections; and, looking upon the multitude of books which lined the shelves, I questioned with myself if all the knowledge these books contained could help a soul in the wretchedness in which mine was;

and then I dwelt on my own ignorance, and the deep unhappiness of my soul, till I became regardless of all around ; for I was in that state of wretchedness which makes one indifferent to observation ; and I wept bitterly.

“ On looking up after a while, I saw I was no longer alone ; for a pleasing young woman, whose entrance I had not observed, was sitting opposite to me. She was looking at me earnestly, and said, in a sweet and gentle voice, ‘ I am afraid you are much afflicted ; is there any thing I can do to assuage your grief ? ’ ‘ Oh ! ’ I replied, ‘ can you do any thing for a wounded spirit, who knows not where nor how to obtain peace ? ’ She paused for a moment, and then said : ‘ There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is One only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ ; ’ and then she invited me to come to the Saviour, who offered to give the weary and heavy laden rest ; and she added that, although hers was a very occupied life, yet, if I would go and read the Scriptures with her, she would gladly set aside an hour twice a week for this purpose. This was my most earnest wish, yet the proposition threw me into the greatest perplexity, for I was sure my family would not approve any thing of the kind ; and, while I was in doubt what to reply, a lady of my acquaintance entered the shop, and the conversation closed. I afterwards found that the

person who had thus addressed me was the excellent Miss Tucker, a 'Labouress' of the Moravian Church, devoted to doing good, and that she had been the greatest blessing to many in Bath.

" This occurred when my family were about returning home. My health rendered it desirable that I should remain in Bath, and I had become so indifferent to all things around me, that I left the decision altogether to my parents, almost without a wish in the matter. It was proposed that I, with my maid, should have apartments in a family whose respectability would allow me occasionally to associate with them, and yet that I should have my own rooms independently, to receive my friends. It so happened, that the late Dr. Bridges called that morning. In their perplexity my parents consulted him. He recommended a family he well knew in Green Park Buildings, as perfectly suitable to receive me. What was my surprise, when the first voice that welcomed me there was that of the individual who had addressed me in Hazard's shop, the only voice which for many long years had been raised in kindness and care for my soul! She lived there, and the house was occupied by Moravians. Thus it was, and thus did my acquaintance begin with that Church of which I have now been so many years a member.

" While I remained with this family, I used to read the Scriptures with Miss Tucker, and I came

to know the Lord. They used to speak to me of His love; and oh! how kind they were to me! I can never forget it; for I used to blurt out my wild thoughts in a way I am sure I should not like a person to do to me. Indeed, I one day said to them: 'It surprises me very much that you should be so kind to me; for you cannot like me; I am so disagreeable.' They replied, 'You mistake; it is not your being agreeable or disagreeable that we regard, we look upon you as a field our Lord has given us to cultivate, and we do not ask if there are few or many weeds; besides, "when we were yet sinners, Christ loved us."'

"How well do I recollect, when on one occasion I was very ill, hearing the low murmuring tones of one of Mr. Hazard's daughters, who was sitting by my bedside, gently singing, 'The Lord bless and keep thee.' I never had heard that hymn before, and I never have forgotten it since. I had never before associated with professed believers; and the impression produced by the first view of a Christian family was very striking to me. I was astonished to find that this little family, though at that time under heavy trial, lived in an atmosphere of love, peace, and cheerfulness, which could not but be felt. I perceived that they possessed a principle of happiness undiscovered by any persons I had yet known; whilst I gazed in wonder, and as our ac-



quaintance ripened, they spoke continually of the love of Christ our Saviour, in laying down His life for us sinners ; and, as I saw His power manifested in their lives, their words came with conviction to my heart. I felt touched to the quick, that One so great, so holy, should vouchsafe to become the brother of so vile a creature as myself, and condescend to listen to the outpoured detail of all my corruptions and follies, and win me by His Spirit with the same love with which He poured out His blood for me on the cross.

“I learnt to love the brethren as my dear instructors, and enjoyed peculiar blessings in their meetings ; and often I wished my lot were cast amongst them. I remained six months in Mr. Hazard’s family, and you will not wonder that I cling to the leadings of Providence, which, without my seeking, had brought these things to pass. Indeed, I may truly say, that all the chief blessings of my life have come to me in like manner.”



giving up so much time to this occupation, did I think it absolutely impossible that my writings should ever do good to others, though I have no intention of publishing at present. If ever, however, I should, God grant that self-display be far from me, and that the promotion of His honour, or the true interests of mankind, may be my aim, and that vanity may influence me, neither as to the end nor the means. May I never put my pen to paper without an end in view, such as I may humbly implore God's blessing upon. May I also at the same time beseech Him to keep all vain thoughts from me as to the means, that I may avoid all finery of style as I would finery of dress; and that, through His blessing, I may equally be kept from mental as from corporeal vanity.

“For myself, and for all who, like myself, spend time in literary pursuits, I make the following prayer:—

“Grant us, Heavenly Father, to love Thee in spirit and in truth. Teach us first to seek Thee in sincerity of heart, that our wills being made upright, we may be enabled to receive that portion of true knowledge which may be needful to ourselves, and to set forth thy wisdom to others, untinctured by any foreign mixture of our own; that Thy glory, and not ours, may be the object, and that Thy name and rule may abide as a light, enlightening, and

warming with its genial influences, the hearts of all thy children, now and evermore. Amen.'”

The question of writing for the public came, at this time, under full consideration between her mother and herself, in consequence, as it appears, of a proposal having been made to her to undertake some literary work connected with the education of the poor. Mrs. Galton, no mean judge or critic, gives, in reference to this subject, an estimate of her daughter's powers. She says:—

“ Mary Anne's health is with me a primary object, and it is impossible I can form a judgment of any plan in relation to her, without first understanding what degree of exertion or of application may be requisite. Mary Anne is a free agent. She will decide for herself in this case as in all others; but, as she consults me in the character of a friend, I must advise her as a friend, and I cannot but consider the preservation of her health as a first duty. It is inadequate to great exertion, or continued application, or to the weight of a serious responsibility. If it be the plan for my daughter to write a book upon the subject in question, I know not any woman, and not many men, capable of thinking so deeply or so clearly, or of supplying so many ideas. But the labour of thinking is the poison that has already undermined her bodily strength; ‘the sword wears out the scabbard.’ If the object be for her

only to methodise and dress up in a new style ideas already collected, I must freely say that such an object appears to me altogether unworthy of a person of genius, and of one who can think and act independently."

Mrs. Galton again writes:—"I thank Mrs. B—— for her high opinion, I may say her just opinion, of my daughter. As for myself, I can by no means promote her writing for the public. The more I consider the subject, the more objections arise; they crowd before me in endless perspective, like Macbeth's ghosts. Nevertheless, these spectres may perhaps not show themselves so conspicuously to Mary Anne's imagination as they do to her mother's. At all events, I have no ambition to see her an author."

To her daughter, she says:—

"Dear Mary Anne,

"You see what I have written. My further advice is, to weigh the matter in your own mind, and decide as you think best; either way, there are advantages or disadvantages. I see the subject just as you do, and so does Mr. Galton. In one thing only I suspect we differ. I suspect that you imagine it is more easy to write for the public than it is. I don't believe you could do it without the revision of some other person. You are furnished with ideas to fill many books; but many habitual writers could

commit those ideas to paper with fewer mistakes. You have the power, if I may so express it, but not the knack of writing. Pray reflect seriously upon this, and remember, that a well-applied satire from the Edinburgh Reviewers might not only bring a lasting ridicule upon yourself, but also upon the subject you wish to maintain. Remember, too, that Mrs. B—— will be screened from this by your interposition: you will be the prominent person to receive the blame; she will step forth to arrest the praise. If you can defy the Reviewers, then consider whether, after so much labour, your work has a chance of being useful. Think of all these things first: these reflections are more useful in a prologue than in an epilogue. Weigh them all well, and don't be tempted by flattery."

The disadvantages appear to have preponderated, and Mary Anne did not on this occasion write for the public. The only record of the occupations and interests of this period is contained in journals, from which I propose to make some extracts. It will be seen with what diligence Mary Anne pursued the habit of self-observation and self-training, and that the truths which had been sown in her heart were springing up and bearing fruit.

She writes, when at Barr: —

" August 28th, 1804.

" After breakfast, I walked for some time in the

garden. I, however, missed my pocket Bible, which I mostly take with me. I had sent it to Bath. I often feel my mind dissipated, and unable of itself to turn inward, without some external help to fix its attention. This help I find chiefly in the contemplation of nature, in sacred music, and in the Bible ; in the last, especially.

“I often find that, if I am some days without reading the Bible — however I seek the presence of our Lord — my standard gradually degenerates either into coldness, or into a disposition to mysticism, and thus loses its substance ; just as a singer who often practises without his instrument gets at last, without knowing it, either above or below concert pitch. I read some of my favourite passages in Isaiah, on my return, in my German Bible, and compared them with the English. . . . I felt indisposed and weak, and wished for some light reading. I want to form a plan for amusing reading, which will not be undoing what it is the object of my serious studies to do, and which may at the same time unbend the mind.

“As perception is that faculty which is first used, so, perhaps, facts, which are the objects of perception, are the most easily stored up in the mind ; and facts are always useful, because they accustom the mind to truth. For what are facts but a history of the dealings of God with man ? Thus history and biography may be termed Records of the Moral Pro-



vidence of God. Natural history, mineralogy, chemistry, natural philosophy, exemplify the ever-active providence of God. The more minutely we become acquainted with natural history in all its branches, and with physiology, and anatomy, the more we shall see the particular providence of God, which has created every insect with such contrivances as if He had that alone to do; and the more we feel the particular providence of God in the creation of the world, the more we shall be enabled to see it in His moral government. Belief in the particular providence of God is the secret of happiness.

“Metaphysics are best avoided. All that is not founded on truth is useless, if not dangerous. Much reasoning, too, has a bad effect on the spirit. It induces pride in our own judgment, instead of the humble and resigned frame of mind which becomes a Christian.

“Just before dinner, a letter was given me. It was from C———. The room being full of the family, I put it in my pocket till after dinner, when I went into the garden to enjoy it alone. I could not help shedding tears of pleasure and thankfulness as I read the letter several times. The evening was beautiful and serene, and everything within and without was so happy, that I poured out the fulness of my heart in thankfulness to our Saviour for having thrown us together. I could not help comparing the difference

of our characters. I always feel how much superior her style of character is to mine, and how far more really intrinsic, both as to the heart and understanding. Indeed, when I consider my own versatile character and her very high one, I am more and more surprised that such a friend ever was bestowed on me. The more I see of C——, the more thorough is my confidence in her. I both respect and love her for her influence over me; and I love her more than I am humbled, by her kind and generous mode of using her superiority over me.

“After tea, my father, who had my accounts, pointed out the omission of an entry in the money I had received, of fifty pounds. I cannot well say how hurt I felt at my negligence in this, as it was entirely owing to my own carelessness in not having kept a proper cash-book. I am indeed vexed, because I know how much my father dislikes inaccuracy in these things, and how often I have been told of this fault, and yet I have still committed it.

“My father was truly kind, as I knew he could not but have been vexed, and yet I saw that he did not say half so much as he might very justly. I have felt this the more, because it was wrong in many ways: I ought to have done what my father wished; I ought, for my own sake, to have kept an accurate account; and, also, my father has done so many things showing a kind disposition to me, that he

must feel it ungrateful not to have given up a few minutes to please him, when I knew he laid so much stress on this point. I am constantly feeling the effects of my own carelessness and inattention, but I feel this more than any other.

“*August 29th.*—I rose early this morning, intending to settle a plan for my accounts before breakfast; but I slept so little for thinking of my carelessness, that I felt weak and ill.

“At two o’clock, I walked as usual in the garden. I remembered how often I had tried to cure my unpunctuality, and how often I had failed. I thought of my plans of life, with prayer that I might be preserved by a power superior to my own. I wished to arrange my time more methodically, to get fixed and worthy objects, and especially to acquire those habits which my own family desire. I recollected many instances in which all those who have lived to any purpose lived methodically.

“I walked out before tea. I read C——’s letter again, and with fresh interest. I also looked at Elizabeth Hazard’s, on her sister’s marriage, and read it more than once with real love and interest. Much as I loved her before, it has added not only to the affection, but to the sincere esteem I feel for her. How delightful is piety; and how it entitles to a reality of respect, which neither rank, nor talent, nor fortune, can ever give!

“ 31st.—I rose early this morning. After breakfast, accounts with my father, and German, till one. Wrote to Elizabeth Hazard, to fix the time of my going to Bath. We had much company to dinner, for which I did not feel the better. A mixed society often makes me feel a want of charity to those I do not approve. Amongst the number of guests, however, I enjoyed seeing Mr. C——. I believe my father was pleased to find that, except in one instance, my accounts were more exact than he had imagined, and I believe he was pleased and surprised to find how economical I had been. Next year, however, I hope to spend still less on myself, but to give away more.

“ *September 2nd.*—I rose early. I went to Meeting, but I did not enjoy it, because I thought my mother was poorly, which made me uncomfortable. I saw J. H——[one of her brothers], and the love he expressed for me gave me heartfelt pleasure. In the afternoon I was busy looking over parts of the Bible to explain to my little sister. . . . I sat with my mother. Then I went into my own room. I felt the welfare of every member of our family much at heart, and I entreated a blessing on each of them, not without tears. I felt also poor M. T. very near my heart, as I have often done of late. I cannot go to serve her, nor does she know I feel for her; yet though I can do nothing myself, I often

feel a sensible relief in committing those whose welfare I have at heart to an Almighty and Wise Protector. I felt her situation the more, from contrasting it with the pleasure I have in the hope of seeing my dear C——. I supped with little J. H——, for though I wanted to be busy, I did not like to disappoint him, when I found he had got a supper on purpose. I wrote C—— a short note; and now I can add no more.”

It was proposed at this time, that Mary Anne should visit her Moravian friends at Bath, and that her cousin Catherine Gurney should join her there for a time. We need not bespeak the indulgence of the reader for the truth and nature of the description she gives of her disappointment on arriving at Mr. Hazard’s, no doubt unconsciously enhanced by the contrast between the simple home of these excellent people, and the luxuries and abundance of her father’s house.

“*Bath, October, 1805.*—Several days have passed since I last took up my journal, and almost as many, I fear, since I inwardly communed with myself. I want to retire into my own mind, and, silencing its feelings, to commune in stillness with God, both as the Father and the Friend of Spirits. O that my heart were but deeply impressed with the presence and the friendship of the best, though the invisible, Friend of man! My father kindly sent the sociable

with me as far as Worcester, and thence we went on in the coach. The country through the vale of Rodborough was delightful, and I gave myself up for some hours to the luxury of enjoying it. As I rode along, the hills and valleys, thickly studded with white cottages and the bright scarlet cloth (in the manufactories), looked sequestered, and yet gay and cheerful. It was evening, and most of the people had done work, and many were spinning at their doors; the children were dancing, and every thing wore the appearance of industry, cheerfulness, and content.

“ We arrived late in Bath. I wish I had set my mind in order, before I went to Green Park Buildings. I often find it of use to contemplate the situation I am entering upon, and to ask the Divine blessing upon it, but I arrived fatigued and uncomfortable; and kind indeed as my reception was, I did not return it with the cordiality I ought, because I felt vexed at their style of living, as I thought C —— would not like it, and I also felt it painfully myself. I was vexed also, because they had put a visitor in my room, which I thought disrespectful, so that I was obliged to go up into another. When I knocked at the door, my dear Elizabeth ran out to meet me; but even her affectionate kindness was displeasing, because I felt uncomfortable. In the parlour I found dear good old Mrs. Hazard and Mrs.



G——. Both received me most kindly. I can hardly describe the benignity of Mrs. G——'s countenance, or the goodness of Mrs. Hazard's.

“ Elizabeth came in before I was up, and rejoiced to see me with a truth of affection that gave me a severer reproof than any thing else could have done, and almost melted me to tears. Yet, though I felt myself wrong, I was but half come round; and, though I tried to be civil, I felt so painfully how C—— would feel some things, that, though Mrs. G—— and Elizabeth tried in every way to please me, I was so absent and out of tune that I hardly returned any answer. Yet still these good Moravians redoubled their endeavours to please me, and, with the greatest good humour and kindness, said they did not wonder I felt uncomfortable, as all must be so different from what I was used to. After breakfast, my dear little Elizabeth came to me, and apologised for having given my room to Mrs. G——.

“ I felt truly ashamed of having been ashamed of such good and kind people, yet I still felt hurt about C——. I love her so much, and am so obliged to her, that I found it a great trial to place her where I feared she would not be comfortable. I walked out, and tried to divert my mind; as I undressed, I determined to lay open my mind to our Saviour. I felt that, much as I ought to love C——,



yet that love ought not to make me unjust to others, especially such kind friends. I felt that, so far as I could, I ought to make all comfortable to her; and beyond this, I ought to be resigned as to what was meant for me to bear. I determined then to speak to Elizabeth, and to try to remedy all, and I prayed for assistance to bear patiently, and make the best of what I could not help, as the will of our Lord. Immediately I felt more peace of mind. Next day, on inquiry, I found that these excellent people had already ordered to be got more even than I wanted; and about the table, &c., I found them more ready to oblige me than I had been to ask. I cannot describe their goodness and kindness.

“I was busied most agreeably in getting my dearest C——’s room ready; and though it tired me in body, it was delightful to me.”

## CHAP. IV.

1805.

“The first creation of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the Spirit.”—BACON.

“My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONGST Mary Anne's papers, I find the following fragment, dated December 9th, 1805.

“Thou, O Lord! hast condescended to declare, that Thou hast bought me with a price more precious than rubies, even with Thine own blood. How this may be, I know not; how it may be applied to my heart, I know not; but I long to know, and I long to feel. I now believe because of Thy word. I long to believe, because I experience the truth and the power of it. I wait to see Thy salvation, O Lord; whatever this may mean, I take Thy word, I throw myself upon it, with entire recumbency of soul, with a full persuasion that Thou wilt not let me perish. I feel that my salvation must be all of free grace, and of pure mercy from beginning to end. I cannot

extirpate one sin. Thy Redeemer can alone do the first, Thy Spirit, the last."

I have placed these striking and touching words at the beginning of this chapter, because I think they contain a key to much which both preceded and followed in the experience of the writer. The journals for months before and after the above date bear evidence of diligent labour and conscientious observation of herself, as well as of the most earnest desire for spiritual progress, but they do not equally evince that full peace and assurance in the knowledge of the love of God in Christ, which in later years became so marked a feature of her inward life. The journals for the year 1805, written at Barr, afford the only information I possess of the state of her mind, and of her home interests and pursuits, till the time of her marriage. The dates in these early journals are very imperfect. There are but few which contain mention of any thing beyond the year and day of the week.

"*Tuesday*.—Taking Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, I walked out to read. I put up many fervent prayers to God, that He would be pleased to bring these truths more feelingly home to my heart.

"I am convinced in my understanding of the truths of Divine Revelation, but my heart is cold and dead, and the most important truths seem to me as airy shadows, instead of a substantial reality. My heart

seems alienated from God, and yet, though I see and feel this, such is my state of indifference that I comparatively care but little about it. I have a sort of strange repugnance and backwardness to come just as I am to the Throne of Grace, to own my nothingness, and utter inability to do any thing that is good. I feel unwilling to be clothed in the righteousness of Christ only, and to give up all my own pretensions; and I feel even unwilling to go to the Throne of Grace for a renewed heart and a different spirit. This convinces me more and more of the total alienation of my heart from God; for how seldom have I in earnest prayed, and yet in how extraordinary a manner have some of my prayers been answered! How I think I may say, I have never been sent away empty-handed, and in how many instances has a remarkable tissue of circumstances brought about the very thing—I cannot say that I prayed—but that I half prayed for, almost doubting at the time if there were a God, or not, to hear me! . . . I thought much of this, and I prayed for a simple child-like mind, for the blessed influences of that Spirit which can alone show me my guilt, and for more confidence and a clearer view of the merits of my Redeemer.

“ *Wednesday.* — After my early walk I went in, and occupied myself with writing a plan of a school; but I found it difficult to write with attention, be-

cause I felt unhappy at the state of my own mind. Yet I did it at last better than I thought I should. From twelve to one I practised some sacred music, especially the 'Te Deum' of Graun. What a noble composition! I felt delight in learning it, for I thought I saw traces that the Spirit of God had inspired the writer. I felt a painful interest to know if he had been faithful to it. After dinner I rode out. I am now writing this journal, but being very tired, I shall leave off, imploring the blessing of God, that He may guard my mind from evil thoughts, that I may rise to-morrow refreshed, and without any other wish than that of His service.

“ *Thursday.*—I was with Graun till breakfast. At breakfast I conversed. I began to talk with an intention to relieve my mother; but finding what I said seemed to entertain some present, I went on solely to gratify my own vanity; and though I felt repentance at the time, I said many foolish things, in order to raise myself in the esteem of those I was with. Afterwards I walked in the garden; I could not help thinking how foolish I had been. The pensile boughs of the laburnum and honeysuckle, the corn and the long grass, were waving in the wind; as I watched them alternately stooping and rising, flexible to every breath that blowed, I could not help longing that my heart were,

like them, flexible to every breathing of that Spirit which God sends to all the children of men, but which we so often resist.

“ *Saturday.*— Experience gathered by watchfulness is the same in religion, as perception, strengthened by observation, is in reasoning. Let me observe myself, that I may know my own vileness, and observe the Lord, that I may know His goodness.

“ *Monday.*— At about ten, I went in, and wrote my pamphlet, for two hours, on the ‘ Education of the Poor,’ to my satisfaction on the whole, though I did not near enough feel myself in the presence of God while I wrote. After that, I spoke to my mother about my plans, and my wish to write for the public. Yet I believe I spoke more in my own spirit than in that of Christ, forgetting that, if He had appointed it for me to do, He would smooth the way. Afterwards I practised sacred music, took exercise, lay down, and dressed. After dinner, I went to see Mary Capper.

“ *Friday.*— Whilst I dressed, I thought much of my pamphlet, but was not able to bring it into any good form. I then walked, and read some Olney Hymns. After breakfast, I went with my sister to visit her poor school. Then I wrote my pamphlet, which advanced beyond expectation. I practised sacred music. After dinner, Mr. Longscarter told

me several anecdotes of Lavater, with whom he has spent some months. I suffered much this day from my melancholic disposition. I felt no confidence in God. Every thing looked black. Several little things occurred to disappoint me. Then I thought of Miss D——, and of how much use she had been to me in opening and presenting things to me which I had never before thought of. I found reason truly to be thankful, even for that coldness and austerity which I least liked in her.

“*Sunday.*— After breakfast I enjoyed walking with J. H——. Till the carriage came to take us to Meeting, I walked, reading Hervey with much pleasure. I was engaged during part of the time I was at the Meeting with truly happy thoughts. I felt the love of God, and His providence watching over me. I felt how the clouds which had beset me had dispersed, how many things which had seemed insuperable difficulties in prospect had given me tenfold blessings in the execution. How many things now seemed plain that had caused me doubts and fears. I felt happy in the hope that God watched over all my family ; and for my dear father and mother and each of my dear brothers and sisters I prayed separately, and felt their interests very near my heart.

“ Thanks be to God, for the comfort I now feel. I believe it truly the will of God that I should leave



worldly pursuits, I mean serious as well as dissipated worldly ones ; and if I am careful only to follow His leadings, and not my own will, that He will make the way plain, and bring things round, though I do not see how. After dinner, I walked alone, but my mind was not enough with God ; many vain and idle fancies intruded. How vain, and foolish, and inconsistent is my heart ; if I had no righteousness but my own to plead before God, what a wretched, vile outcast should I be ! and how should I dare to appear in His presence ?

“ *Monday.*— This day has not been well spent. I rose about seven ; I walked out with Hervey, and read one of his letters with delight, and frequent prayer, which was, I believe, more than answered. The style of Hervey as a writer is often turgid and affected ; yet I enjoy this book, because it is just the food I now want, and because its falling in my way seems such an immediate answer to prayer. I have often a delightful sense of the presence of God, and of His peculiar providence ; but I have not a sense of the evil of sin, or of His holiness. I often seem to myself like those persons, the height of whose disease prevents their thinking themselves ill. I saw these doctrines in the Bible, but somehow they did not come home to my heart ; and I applied to many, but none explained them to my satisfaction. Thus, I went on trying to help myself, and trying

to get others to help me, never once thinking of asking Him from whom all truth comes, till compelled by necessity; and scarcely had I prayed, when the very book which was to remove my doubts was given me. . . . I then went to learn a short lesson in thorough bass. After breakfast, I walked about half an hour, entreating the Lord to put in my heart that spirit by which I might best write to His glory, and for the good of others. When I think of my own blindness, and of the unawakened state of my conscience, I feel writing for the public like a blind man undertaking to teach the knowledge of colours; but when I again consider that, if the Lord calls me, He can overrule my ignorance, and will guide and support me, if I am but willing, I feel encouraged."

## CHAP. V.

1806—1807.

"Let a man get but one glimpse of the King in His beauty, and then the forms and shapes of things here, are but the types of an invisible loveliness, types which he is content should break and fade."

ROBERTSON.

"Be not over exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief?"

MILTON.

IN 1806, the subject of this Memoir married Mr. Lambert SchimmelPenninck, of Berkeley Square, Bristol. This gentleman belonged to a branch of the noble Dutch family of that name, the head of which, the late Count SchimmelPenninck, was for many years Stadtholder of Holland.

"I really feel very joyful," Mrs. Galton wrote, while this marriage was in prospect, "in the unexpected conference with the Mores. They speak with much interest, and very favourably, of the Schimmel-Penninck family. They consider it as being uncommonly intellectual. The principal person in question they represent very favourably, sensible, amiable, well read, but not brilliant. They appeared, however,

a little surprised at his presumption. Hannah More in particular expressed herself fully and liberally. She observed that, though her mode of thinking differed materially from his, she was confident of his being a religious and a very worthy man."

This marriage took place on the twenty-ninth of September. Her mother's letters afford some pleasant notices of her early married life. In the October following, Mrs. Galton writes to Mr. Schimmel-Penninck: —

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your two very kind and satisfactory letters have delighted me. I thank you for them again and again. Had Bonaparte declared peace and good will to men, it would not have afforded me half the delight. I am telling you this during the twilight of the morning; I can scarcely see to write; so that my acknowledgments, although entirely sincere, are, I fear, scarcely intelligible.

"Pray give my love to Mary Anne. I think of her very often in the day. Has she assumed the dignity of a married lady, and learnt to behave like Mrs. SchimmelPenninck? When she returns to Bristol, I shall picture her to myself in her domestic capacity, ordering boiled hares and roasted turbot. But whether the dinners be boiled or roasted, I shall fancy you very cheerful together. I hope a bright

sun may shine upon your prospects, and that occasional clouds, should they arise, may be soon dispersed like the passing vapours which sometimes sadden even summer's sky. You possess my best wishes. Were I a fairy, they should be accompanied by the choicest blessings; but blessings must be looked for from higher Hands; so all that remains in human power is to deserve them. I perceive that I am writing a sermon, which is not my design; lest you fancy, after all, that your mother is a 'Quaker Preacher.'"

Again, December 2nd, 1806, Mrs. Galton says:—

"Madame de Sevigné, I am persuaded, would begin a letter upon such an occasion thus:—

"'Mon chère fils, permettez que je vous embrasse.' How can I, although not a French woman, begin otherwise? I am delighted with a letter which I have just received from Mr. Galton, in which he says—'Mr. SchimmelPenninck confirms me more and more in the favourable opinion I have always entertained of him; and Mary Anne's account proves him to be a most affectionate husband and worthy man.' Dear Mr. SchimmelPenninck, pray do not be angry with me for telling you all this. I must tell you, for although I endeavour to be silent, I find I must speak. I must positively speak, in order to thank you for your most kind and affectionate

attentions to dear Mary Anne. I do thank you again and again. Pray tell her not to be outdone; be sure to let her know that half my friendship is transferred to you, and that she must behave very handsomely to preserve the rest. I hope, some time or other, to have the pleasure of coming to see how she behaves, and all the virtues I am sure that she will practise in her household. Tell her, if you please, that Mrs. Madden is in love with her, and in love with you, and with her situation, and that she is as happy as possible with the kindest possible master and mistress. Mrs. Madden will find, and everybody will find, that Mary Anne's good qualities will come out like the stars, one after another, so that you must not be vain, after all, and fancy that I think you too good for her. I am delighted, however, with my son and my daughter, and I hope they believe it. Pray give my love to Mr. Galton. I was upon the point of writing to him; but somehow my pen, in spite of every effort, has written to you. Mr. Galton will now bring a new pleasure, the pleasant account of Mary Anne, with all the circumstances of her situation, her house, and all that surrounds her. . . . I have lately received a letter from Kitty. Pray tell Mary Anne that her friend is in the 'Inferno,' with Virgil and Dante. I shall send a parcel to-morrow, containing a clue that will help her into 'Purgatory,' and after to the 'Paradiso,'

where she seems to be justly entitled to a happy seat."

And again, in February, 1807, she writes to her daughter: —

" . . . I am suspicious that Bristol is farther off than I thought. I am afraid, too, that another winter is behind. There is deceitfulness in the smiles of these spring days. I have no confidence in their allurements. But the true spring will come at last, and then I hope to come to you. J. H—— was highly delighted with his visit, and wants me to have a canopy over the sofas, like yours. Do you visit many families in Bristol? Pray let me hear your history, how you go on, and what you do. How do you employ the day? Does Mrs. Madden succeed in her place? Let me know if you correspond very often with the Gurneys. I want to know where they are, and how they do. I hear nothing of them, they being in a world so remote from mine. Pray how is Hannah More? We hear from H. almost every day, partly to inquire after the health of a new favourite. He has got a live tortoise, which we are told by his biographer comes from Egypt. It has all the ghastly effect of an inhabitant of the Pyramids, and looks like a mummy alive. Farewell, dear Mary Anne. Bid my son farewell in my name.

"L. GALTON."



I will close my extracts from Mrs. Galton's letters with one she addressed, many years afterwards, to a cousin, with whom she had been much associated in early life. It is remarkably characteristic of some of the mental qualities which belonged both to mother and daughter. There were points of strong contrast between them, but I may say here, in anticipation, that there will be found in both the same heroic spirit in bearing pain and privation, the same solace in books and delight in the creations of fancy, the same elegance of mind, and, above all, the same dissimilarity to many ordinary modes of thought and feeling.

“ You cannot know this handwriting, though some sense or other, when I opened your letter, made me instantly acquainted with yours: — it seemed like the face of an old friend! I thank you a thousand times for having remembered me. Your letter in a moment brought back the most agreeable recollections of our early days, and the poetic world I lived in, without one thought of daily cares! I was certainly allied to sylphs, and ‘creatures of the element that in the colours of the rainbow live!’ How different to this every-day plodding world, so filled with thoughts of eating and drinking, and what we shall put on — a mere Limbo of follies and vanity! I am not a preacher, nevertheless, but your letter has brought all Bengoe back to my view; and

what is extraordinary, I am *not* improved in the least, but remain as unfit an inhabitant of the world, as unlike all its other inhabitants, as you ever remember me. This secluded education with the Dryades, has given me a set of ideas and a set of pleasures that cannot be made to assimilate with common life, so that if you will pay me a visit, you will find Lucy Barclay still in being, but you will never know her! She is entirely changed in every external sign; — as much so as the ladies in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, who were enclosed in the furrowed rind of a tree, bowed with age and stained by time. Come and see me: instead of lilies and roses, a wreath of ivy would become me now. How many suns have I beheld on their course, rising and setting, since I came into the world! . . . Besides all this, I have been imprisoned by ill health two years and a half, and the greatest part of this time I have been confined to a sofa, and almost fixed to one attitude, like the figures in old cathedrals, that lie in marble upon their tombs. I am now alive again, but I am not young, and experience, even now in my improved state, more than three warnings. The state of my eyesight, in particular, is sometimes really alarming. With all my philosophy, I have by no means sufficient to look forward with indifference to a long and starless night! Nor have I yet left my prison-house; indeed, I have become attached to it. The

bias I received from nature, which was favoured by education, I feel now more strongly than ever; and a spacious drawing-room, with a large window, through which I walk into a garden of roses, seems to give me every thing worth possessing in this world. I live with the birds and the butterflies, under the shade of tall elms, and the blue of a serene sky overhead. Thus fixed, as by magic power, to one spot, my mind knows no restraint, and is much more free than in the fetters of society. I am intimately acquainted with many worlds besides this, and wander through them again and again, with Homer, and Milton, and Dante. My early education, which has unfitted me for plodding life, has given me strength in suffering, and, through a very long and severe illness, has enabled me to extract pleasures unseen by others. . . .

“ ‘ Happy I am  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.’ ”

“ Come and see me, and I will show you all my haunts, and recesses, and sofas, that are actually planted in little retired nooks secured from the rain, where I talk to the echoes, and listen to the black-bird or the hum of the bee. But summer songs and summer sounds are now almost over; the leaves are embrowned, and begin to fall, and the robin, with a prophetic note, tells us that winter is near. . . .

“ Come and see me, out of the world, and returned, in my old age, to poetic, and almost to a romantic life.

“ It is nothing new for a young girl of fifteen to enjoy the romance of the poets, but I enjoy it still, nor shall I ever grow old ! That is to say, I have a youthful mind in a shattered body ; and the ruin that is crumbling to pieces seems to give its inhabitant gayer prospects : she looks through rainbow tints, and enjoys, in her imprisonment, an enchanted world. I consider that I am a curiosity, compounded of January and May ; — a kind of ‘ Centaur not fabulous,’ and totally unfitted, as I ever was, for common life.

“ Were it still the fashion to deify those who have lived before us, I should certainly erect an altar to my aunts, for having blessed me with so many internal resources, of which I feel the advantage from hour to hour ; and I shall ever feel its advantage, I am persuaded, to the very last sand. My husband considers all my singularities as perfections, and endeavours to realise all my tastes. He supplies me, too, with every comfort that such a state as mine can enjoy.

“ You will see by my handwriting the infirmity of my eyes, and besides, I have been several days travelling through this long letter, for continued attention to any thing fatigues me extremely ; but

I could not resist the opportunity of enjoying once more the pleasure of talking with an old friend. Whilst I am writing, I fancy you here.

“ I do, indeed, my dear cousin, sympathise in your happiness. I enjoy the idea, that you leave every trouble behind you when you shut your garden gate.

“ Your eldest son, you tell me, is serious and sedate. I congratulate you upon it. The longer I live, the more convinced I am that religion is the strongest hold, and the safest anchor in life. And besides, to use the expression of a cheerful parson whom we know,—‘ It is getting the cream of both worlds!’ . .

“ My dear cousin, farewell. And now I take leave in the words of Hamlet’s ghost, ‘ Remember me!’

“ L. GALTON.”

## CHAP. VI.

1808—1811.

"Thou who hast still a father and a mother, thank God for it in the day when thy soul is full of joyful tears and needs a bosom on which to shed them."

RICHTER.

"O, fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong."

LONGFELLOW.

"How little can we love men, till we love Thee!" Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in her journal of 1808; and to love God above all things, and devote herself wholly to His service, had long been, as we have seen, the first desire of her heart. But the more God designs to make use of any particular instrument, the more carefully He forms and polishes it by suffering; and thus it was with the subject of this Memoir. She deeply suffered from conflicts in her own soul. She had yet to suffer, as we shall see, by trials from without; but seasons of refreshment were now vouchsafed to her from the presence of the Lord, which, to use her own words, "made up for all."

It was at this time that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck first became acquainted with the Wesleyan Methodists, of which event she gives the following account. "After my first acquaintance with the Moravians at Bath, there was a time, on my return home, when I had no opportunity of enjoying the society of religious people; and, not having many religious books, I was compelled the more to search the Scriptures, which at every line sent me to the Saviour himself. A few books, however, now and then fell into my hands, just enough to show me that in various parts of the Good Shepherd's fold are those who love Him in sincerity and truth; and, in my solitude, many were the refreshing hours I owed to Christian brethren who, on earth distinguished by various appellations, are all, I am assured, now unitedly rejoicing before the throne of their common Saviour in Heaven. Yet, amidst all, the little flock of the Brethren who were first sent to me by our Lord was most dear to me. When, therefore, I married, and settled in Bristol, and was at liberty, through my husband's kindness, to join what society I pleased, I much wished to join the Church of the 'United Brethren.' Some things, however, stood in my way. I knew the congregation could only be joined by 'lot;' and, not being convinced of its Divine appointment, I could not solicit a decision as a Divine appeal, which I



should in truth be submitting to as a human institution. I, however, earnestly wished to join them; for about this time I began to feel extremely uneasy at my own incomplete views. Believing the Brethren might be a help, I went to Mr. West (their minister), and, opening my mind fully to him, I asked to join the Moravian Church (as a society member\*), saying, however, that my non-acceptance of the 'lot' would be a bar to my going further. As I spoke, I prayed our Lord to dispose all according to His will, that I might be accepted or refused, as He saw best. Mr. West replied, in the kindest manner, that, though many persons actually stopped short of becoming covenant members, it was not desirable to receive those professing a fixed intention to proceed no further. I accepted his declaration as the Divine will concerning me at that time; and, having received great blessing from the writings of some of the early Wesleyan Methodists,

\* A peculiarity, and a most honourable one, of the Church of the United Brethren, or Moravians, has ever been the desire to bring men to Christ rather than to draw them to their own Church; hence it arose that in former years their Ministers and Missionaries awakened and built up many souls who still remained members of that body of Christians with which the providence of God had placed them. Such were termed "Society Members." "Covenant Members" were those who, in a stricter sense, belonged to the Church of the United Brethren, who received the "Brotherly Agreement," and partook of their privileges and discipline. This distinction of Society and Covenant Members no longer finds place amongst them.

at my request they kindly received me amongst them; but though I found much instruction and edification from the preaching and the lives of many of the early members, I yet never truly felt at home among them as I had done with the Brethren."

There can be little doubt that the "incomplete views" she thus mourned over concerned the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. From these Divine ordinances of the Christian Church, her birth and training in the Society of Friends, and afterwards the scruples which had prevented her joining the Moravians, had hitherto excluded her, but now she had become sensible of a want which it seemed participation in them alone could satisfy. I find she was baptized by a Methodist minister on the 5th of December, 1808; and a fortnight afterwards she, for the first time, partook of the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Soon after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's settlement at Bristol, she formed an intimate friendship with Miss M. H. This lady, who resided with her parents in the immediate neighbourhood of that city, appears to have been a humble, devoted, and consistent Christian; and intercourse with her brought many blessings to her friend; but, alas! it was of short duration, for Miss M. H. died of consumption in the spring of 1809. There are interesting pas-

sages of this intercourse in letters and papers now before me.

“I clearly see,” Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in a letter to her friend, “that all the happy moments I have are those in which my eyes are fixed on God’s goodness. Then indeed do I seem most unworthy in my own eyes; yet, at such times I feel most happiness, and most able to do His will. God has indeed been very merciful and gracious to my soul, since I saw you. I went to bed last night truly happy in enjoying His presence, and feeling a clearer sense of forgiveness than I had ever before experienced. I felt very much like the prodigal in the parable, as yet very far off as to the journey which still remains before I can enter the Kingdom of God, yet, though still far off, as if indeed my Heavenly Father had, in Christ, come and met me with peace and love, which humbles me to the dust and yet revives my fainting heart.

“What very great delight there is in the society of those whose society is in Heaven, and how delightful is the love of those who first love God! I have often gone to you lately, and have highly enjoyed our intercourse; and, also, I have frequently been hoping for good and pleasure, when my heart has been sadly depressed and distracted. Then I have always felt that the best society of those we most fondly love can give us no real pleasure, unless

God accompanies us into their company, any more than a beautiful landscape can delight when there is no sun to gild it. And I have sometimes left you, bitterly feeling deep remorse for my folly in endeavouring or expecting to find pleasure in any thing whilst my heart felt separated from God."

"Since I saw you," she says to the same friend, "I have had many very happy times in prayer. I cannot describe the goodness and mercy of God to me. All my anxious fears and unbelief seem dissipating; and I am seldom many hours without an answer to my prayers. O my dear M., how I wish we could love God with all the heart and mind we have here; and then how delightful it would be to look forward to that happy and glorious time when we might have stronger souls and wider hearts to love Him more." And again, "My heart is discomposed. I wish to open it to God, that its disorder may be abated. How I wish I could with ease submit to, and take as the will of God, things which appear to me unkindnesses from my fellow-creatures."

She writes, when on a visit at Dudson, to Miss M. H.:—"Fancy me just come in after breakfast from a walk in our shrubbery, and shutting myself up in my own room, in order to talk to you. How delightful is this morning, and how I should like to know if you are enjoying it as I do. How lovely all the flowers, and the trees, and the sunshine ap-

peared to me, and how happy every creature ! But, above all, how delightful do created things appear, because it is our God who gave them being, and arranged them. I took with me the little Psalm-book, but I did not look much at it ; for all appeared so joyful around, that I could not help stopping to admire, as though I had never seen it before. Whenever I see a day like this, it brings to my mind—does it not to yours?—those beautiful chapters at the end of the Revelation. This put me in mind of Miss D. I could not help thinking how very happy she was, and how good God had been to her, in so soon putting her in possession of the happiness she sought. Then I thought of you, and I felt great happiness in believing that you *would be*, as I did that she *was already* happy. I thought how soon you would know each other, and how few years would bring you together, and make you happy together. Then I thought of myself, and wondered if that happy day would ever come to me. I could not help thinking of the many things that God had done for me : how often He had called me, even before I knew the voice that spoke : by how many providences He had hedged me about, so as to prevent my entering into many pernicious things ; and by how many others He had led me to be acquainted with His children in a very unexpected way.

“ I then took your little book, and began reading

the 115th Psalm. How I enjoyed it ! It seemed indeed as if my whole soul were happy, though awfully so, in seeing the holiness and unspeakable purity of God ; and, though I felt very vile and unworthy, so that I knew not how the great and holy God should remember me, yet I seemed so sure that He did not only condescend to come down and suffer for the whole world, but that He also died for me, that I was unspeakably glad. Oh ! how I wish that I had a heart to love and serve Him all the days of my life, and that I could be free from the bondage of self and sin, and henceforth live to Him alone."

In a review of the past year, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes : —

" About this time, my dear friend was taken ill with a cough. I said but little, but I saw it as a cloud, though then the size of a man's hand, gathering in the horizon. I earnestly besought the Lord to help me to examine my heart, to see if I could truly say, ' Thy will be done.' After my visit to Dudson, the greatly increased indisposition of my friend was a bitter trial. Knowing her to be entirely ignorant of her disorder, the conflict brought on me great darkness, but I cried to the Lord, and He heard me, and made a way for our speaking together. Since that time we have spent many happy hours. Often in the midst of the tears of natural affection



and grief, the presence of the Lord has kept our hearts in peace. Blessed be His name! . . .

“ *March, 1809.* — My dear friend is now probably very near her close. The Lord bless her abundantly and keep her. May He become more and more precious to her. May her peace, which now flows as a river, deepen; may her views of her heavenly inheritance yet brighten, and may she be enabled to testify more and more of the goodness and mercy of the Lord, to the salvation of others! O Lord! let not the blessing be confined to her; shed abroad Thy grace in our hearts. Soften them to receive whatever impression Thy goodness appointed this affliction to convey. O my God, let me not murmur or repine. My heart does, indeed, feel this separation from the friend Thou hast given me. The Lord has given, the Lord is about to take away; blessed be the name of the Lord. How often hast Thou, Lord, blessed her intercourse to me! Return that blessing seven, nay, a hundred-fold, by Thy presence with her at this hour! Make her more fully meet for the heavenly inheritance Thou hast purchased for her.

“ I went to see her yesterday, being Monday; she was lying on the sofa. I perceived a change, all her features were sharpened, but a heavenly peace sat on her countenance; it seemed like seeing in one person the beginning of the death of the body, and



the life of the soul. She said, in a feeble voice, much interrupted by shortness of breath; ‘The nearer I approach to death, the more happy does it seem to me. I can scarcely think I am so near beholding my precious Saviour.’ I said, ‘Yes, indeed; there is but a very thin veil between you and an excess of glory that we neither can express nor conceive.’ She replied: ‘Oh! how blessed is death! how blessed to have nothing to do but to die! When I look at myself, I can scarcely connect myself and glory in one thought. When I look at my adorable Saviour, I feel I cannot understand one half of His goodness, neither dare I set any bounds to it. Oh! unutterable goodness and mercy!’ continued she, her eyes uplifted, and full of tears. Then, looking at me with a smile, and kissing me, she said; ‘When you see me no more, cast yourself entirely upon the Lord: follow Him, not at a distance, but closely. You do not know how the smallest wandering separates from Him. It is an evil and a bitter thing to forsake the Lord. I have found it so; but He has forgiven me. I love you dearly; I love your precious and immortal soul. We shall soon meet; the love of a Christian is stronger than death; but I do not love you as I did. No earthly tie can make me wish to stay on earth. The Lord is more to me than ten thousands of

friends ; He has no rival in my heart ; soon shall I rejoice in His presence ! ”

“ *April 2nd.* — This is the first time, since my dear friend’s happy spirit took its flight, that I have taken up the pen. Blessed be God ! her woes are all ended, and she is rejoicing in the presence of her Redeemer. When my heart can follow her, it blesses God ; but when it returns back to us who are left below, it bleeds. O my God, be Thou with me as I pass through the valley of the shadow of death ! ”

We return to her journal, and private papers.

(1809.) “ Yesterday John Helton drank tea with us, but he hardly spoke at all, at which I felt much disappointed. When they were all gone, I went very early to my bedroom, and read for a good while, till I forgot the time, in Baxter’s ‘ Saints’ Everlasting Rest.’ I could not help thinking of poor E., and that if she read that book, she could not but feel almost more happy than sorrowful about her poor brother ! ”

“ How different am I from David Brainerd, who, like me, of a melancholic constitution, yet felt the influence of Divine grace so powerfully, that at seasons the Divine supplies his soul received strengthened and refreshed his body.”

“ O my God ! how infinitely precious must that sacrifice be, which can wash away the infinity of

human sin and infirmity. But, blessed be His holy name, our hopes are not in ourselves, nor in each other, but in God. Oh! what a comfort has it been to me to know that the soul has a sure anchor to trust to, Jesus Christ! To Him, with full purpose of heart, have I devoted my soul, and though I have so often, and do constantly wander away, yet I have not voluntarily taken myself out of His hands; and surely He will not fail me. What comfort has there been lately to me in those precious words, — ‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!’”

“*November, 1809.* — I felt a great blessing in seeing that venerable saint, Mrs. Fletcher. May I be thankful in having had even this transient sight. Much of her conversation was truly blessed to me, especially what she said on the duty and privilege of the daily Cross, and in seeking the abiding witness of the Spirit. But the greatest blessing was in reading Mr. Fletcher’s ‘Equal Check.’ It seemed to roll away clouds of doubt and darkness, and to level mountains of contradictions and difficulties which had perplexed my course. I can never be sufficiently thankful, for having met with this book. I cannot describe the practical difficulties which being with speculative Calvinists brought me into, nor the unbelief, doubt, and distress it occasioned.

“ My recent acquaintance with the Methodists has been greatly blessed to my soul ; chiefly, because it has put me more upon reading the Scriptures, secret prayer, and obedience to the checks of God’s Spirit in my heart. I have truly found, as it is written, ‘ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.’ I feel it a great mercy that the Lord has condescended to open a path for me amongst the poor. How much more pleasure do I find, even in my poor miserable attempts to serve them, than I have ever found in any pursuit of human pleasure.

“ Often, when I used to receive praise for my progress in the pursuits I was then engaged in, my heart was sad ; for I felt it a heart which was far from God. I love to tread, however lamely, a road which my dear adorable Redeemer has trodden before me. Welcome thorns, welcome briars, I would say, if I can but see amongst them the print of His footsteps or the drops of His precious Blood. When I see them not, I feel unhappy, and in doubt how to proceed ; even though I do not positively discern sin, yet I feel no confidence. O my God, give me gratitude for Thy blessed humanity !

“ As Christ was in the flesh, so are we in this world. Such was the privilege of the primitive Christians ; and the same promises which were given to them we may inherit for Jesus hath said, ‘ I

pray not for them only, but also for all those who shall believe on Me through their word.' Teach me more to view Thee in all. I love to think what would my blessed Saviour have done in the days of His flesh, in such a company, in such a place, under such and such circumstances. Oh! for the burning faith that realises all things; that presents the Saviour to the view; so that I, contemplating His image, might be changed into His likeness! . . . . This week has been passed in many outward duties to my family and to the poor, in which I have felt my mind sweetly stayed upon God; and I have enjoyed much present blessing; for our gracious Lord bestows a great reward to those who even give but a cup of cold water in His name. This has increased my confidence in my blessed Redeemer; but it has led me still more to contrast His goodness with my deficiencies. How poor is all I do! I have felt unable to speak for my God either to my servants or others, though I felt my heart full of love to Him. The fear of man has restrained me sometimes, or, I should rather say, a secret distrust of the Lord, when I seemed most to confide in Him. Of myself, indeed, I can do nothing, and say nothing; but why did I not pray for strength, and trust to Him for supplying it when needful? I trust that my visits to the house of mourning will prove a source of self-

examination and humiliation to my proud unhumbled heart."

"How many of the Lord's poor do I see, to whom I am wholly unworthy to minister. Oh! my heart! how venerable is the meanest Christian! A Christian is one who bears in his heart the semblance, the renewed image, of thy God. Instead of feeling this, and blessing Thee with all my soul, that Thou hast permitted me the privilege of serving Thee in any of Thy members, my foolish heart has frequently been tempted to vain self-complacency. O my God, pity my folly. Thou, who searchest all hearts, knowest that I utterly abhor it. Thou hast bled for my sins. O change this wayward heart; wash me thoroughly, not only from guilt but from sin."

Few details of the course of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's daily life at this period have been preserved. We catch little glimpses of it in her journals and letters. The absence of dates renders it difficult to quote with accuracy of arrangement, though internal evidence, hardly to be mistaken, is a sufficient guide to assign letters and papers to a time nearly approximating to their true date.

It is, however, well known that, for a long course of years beginning about this time, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck took an active part in the many charitable objects of Bristol. She devoted much time to the



poor. From early youth, and especially after her acquaintance with the Moravians at Bath, we find her much interested in schools, and in imparting the knowledge which she so loved to acquire. "Her time," we are told by a lady who had observed her course, "was uniformly directed to the good of others." The habit of teaching was continued more or less through her life. She had classes of young persons, who met at stated times at her house, and whom she instructed in various branches of useful knowledge, more particularly in natural history, of which in most of its departments she was especially fond. If among those thus collected around her were any young person less well instructed or less prosperous than the rest, that was the one whom Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was almost sure to distinguish, and to whom she would devote a more than common share of time and attention.

The accuracy of her knowledge, and the peculiar gift she had in imparting it, no less than her patience with the uninstructed, made Mrs. SchimmelPenninck an eminently good instructress; and some there are who number the hours thus spent with her as amongst the happiest and brightest of their lives! Her great humility made her ever backward in appearing as a religious teacher; but we now find her taking part, whether at her own house or elsewhere, in meetings for reading the Scriptures, and



others of a strictly religious character. She was ever engaged in literary labours, ever adding to the stores of her knowledge. Music, especially the organ, was still her solace, as in earlier days; while she often sought refreshment and spiritual strength in the silence of a Friends' Meeting, or in intercourse with some humble child of God amongst the Moravians or Methodists.

It now becomes necessary to mention some circumstances which led to the deepest grief of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life, and which modified the whole character of her remaining days on earth. The years with which we are now occupied were marked by a change in her relations with her own family, of too material importance to be silently passed over in the history of her life.

On occasion of her marriage, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, at the desire of her father, yielded her consent to conditions as to the disposal of her property, (the greater part of which she inherited from her grandfather Galton,) which were felt by her husband and herself to bear hardly upon them, and from which they ultimately felt justified in seeking to be set free.

Many and prolonged negotiations with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's family took place on this subject, in the course of which all the circumstances of the case were laid, by Mr. and Mrs. Schimmel-

Penninck, before mutual friends and family connections. The mediation thus sought was generously afforded; and the claims of Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck were conceded in the year 1811.

Thus much concerning a business matter, which is only alluded to in this place on account of its subsequent effects on Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life. From letters of Mrs. Galton now in my possession, it appears that deep personal offence had been taken at the course pursued by Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck in these transactions, and that this was made, by Mrs. Galton, the ground of a withdrawal from all intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck and her husband.

The same line of conduct was adopted by the other members of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's family, with one exception, and pursued towards her to the end of her life. But while Mrs. SchimmelPenninck never ceased to mourn over this separation from her nearest relatives, it is due to her memory distinctly to state, that she never appears to have thought it was in her option to have refrained from steps which justice to her husband seemed at the time to render incumbent upon her.

I need not dwell on her patient and noble endurance under the varied sufferings caused by these events, nor on the perseverance with which she used every means within her power, both directly and

indirectly, to turn the hearts of those to whom her own always continued true. If those who knew and loved her could not but feel bitterly a treatment which bore the aspect of so much unkindness, she never resented it for herself, nor could such feelings be expressed in her presence without rebuke.

Those who heard them, can never forget the words of unaffected love and humility with which, in later years, she was wont to say in reference to this subject, "The misapprehension and estrangement, from which I have suffered so much, were permitted by God to humble and chastise me for my shortcomings in His sight, and I would thank Him even for this trial, since it has sent me more frequently than any other thing to Him."

Letters, which I happily possess, written by Mrs. SchimmelPenninck at different periods, describe her feelings better than any words of mine, both during the earlier years of this trial, and after the death of her parents.

In 1815, after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's return from the Continent, she thus writes to an intimate friend :

"You can scarcely think how thankful I feel that it has pleased God to spare my dear father and mother, and that thus I may yet cherish the hope that He will permit us once more to be in peace and cordial reconciliation. I trust He has spared us to

have this mercy upon us. I still feel our separation the deepest trial I have ever known. I think my part is at present to sit still, as I know not what more I can do to show them my earnest desire to do or submit to all that my duty allows, with a view to be at peace."

And again, at a later date, she writes to one who was then in the neighbourhood of Birmingham.

"Go to the fishing-house, where my dear grandfather and dear Lizzie Forster used to take me after breakfast, to call the water-fowl, who would fly the whole length of the pool to be fed.

"Walk in my dear mother's favourite meditative walk, where the high poplars grow, and get me some ivy to plant from it. When you visit Dudson, go near the flower-garden behind the hothouse; on the outside is an oak tree which my grandfather meant to cut down, but my dear mother addressed to him a petition in verse to spare it. Bring me a twig and an acorn from it, if you can. But what can I say more? You, my dear and faithful friend, know all my mind about these dearly-beloved relations,—for dear they must ever be to me, though in the flesh I shall see them no more.

"How I wish you could see any of them! If you do, watch every turn of their countenances, and tell me of their weal, and let me hear minutely; as Joseph inquired, when he was in the far-distant

land of Egypt, concerning his dear father, for he had yet a father. Oh! how often have I read that story, and thought that I, like him, might see his face no more.

“ . . . . . When we next meet, it must be where my mistakes, as well as theirs, will be cleared up.”

I cannot conclude this subject without giving a testimony to the undying love which Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained towards her family. During nearly twenty years, in which it was my privilege to share her weal and woe, her joys and sorrows, in the freedom and unreserve of domestic life, I may truthfully say I never heard an unkind expression from her lips concerning any one of them; and even when hope deferred was lost in the conviction that a reconciliation was no longer to be looked for, any intelligence which might reach her respecting them, through the public papers, or other indifferent channels, awakened the *keenest* interest: she loved unto the end.

## CHAP. VII.

1811—1819.

“ L’etoit une de ses maximes que la grande fidélité envers Dieu se voyoit dans les petites choses.”—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue, for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue ; it cannot be separated nor left behind, but it hindereth the march.”—BACON.

SOON after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck’s marriage, one who knew her well, asks, “ How does your Greek go on ? how does your housekeeping go on ? . . . . . I am glad that Mary Anne finds Mrs. Madden something more than a housekeeper. Does Mary Anne direct Mrs. Madden, or Mrs. Madden instruct Mary Anne ? I think the mistress should go to school and take a lesson of the maid every day ! ” And, indeed, when her previous education, her pursuits and objects of interest are considered, the inquiry is a very natural one ; but, true to her early resolution, “ Whatever I undertake I will perform in the best possible manner,” when it became her duty, she

turned her thoughts and attention to the best way of regulating and directing her household.

There are few things in her character more admirable, or more touching to those who knew her intimately, than her earnest desire "to do well" in things most opposed to her tastes and habits of mind. Amongst her journals and papers I find memoranda respecting the minutest detail of domestic economy. It must be acknowledged that her method of attaining her wishes in these things was not always that commonly pursued; but did this matter when the end was attained? A lady eminently capable of judging, when speaking of this subject, says of her visits to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, "They were deeply interesting to us, and we rarely if ever stayed anywhere where the domestic arrangements appeared more beautifully complete; this I the more dwell upon, because the *on dit* was, that our dear friend was 'too literary to know anything of domestic management.'" Neither can this excite astonishment, when it is remembered that in her father's house the machinery of life was carried out by numerous servants, and that it was part of her gifted mother's principle to keep the minds of her children altogether devoted to intellectual culture. Till Mary Anne married, she had probably given more time and felt more interest in the study of the household life of the Greeks and Romans than in that which was passing around her.



How often have I heard her regret her deficiency in these things, and wish that she had been fully instructed concerning them. How often have I heard her wish that she had been early taught to work with her needle; perhaps it was this very ignorance which led her so strongly to inculcate on her young friends the value of these feminine attainments; and it was touching to witness her patient efforts in later life to acquire them.

There was nothing she thought too little to come within the sphere of duty, nothing too minute for a child of God to mark (as she expressed it) with the stamp royal of the Divine character; but these things were done by her with a simplicity, and a bright cheerfulness, which those who knew her cannot fail of recollecting, and which no words could adequately convey to those who knew her not.

And this attention to domestic duties in the early period of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's married life was well timed, for a trial was approaching of a nature altogether new to her experience.

Mr. SchimmelPenninck was concerned with the shipping interests of Bristol, and, owing to circumstances connected with them, he was, for some years, oppressed by pecuniary embarrassments. From a kind but mistaken desire to save his wife present pain, he carefully concealed them from her know-

ledge, till on one occasion, when they were expecting a large party to dinner, the truth could no longer be hid, and he confessed to her that he was in pressing difficulties. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck that evening received and entertained her company as if nothing unusual had occurred; but when they were gone, she lost not a moment in inquiring into the exact circumstances of the case, and sat up most of the night with her husband, making calculations how those difficulties could best be met.

Little as the subject of this memoir knew of worldly matters, her unworldliness and indifference to the show and appearance which is valued by so many, together with her reverence for the great principle of "owing no man any thing," were of immense use to her husband. Papers are now before me which testify to the wise and excellent part she took in this season of pecuniary difficulty, which, but for her energy and admirable sense, would have been irremediable. She herself says, "I earnestly wish my husband to give up all thoughts of a vain struggle to go on here, but manfully to meet our difficulties, and enter on a new course of life which may extricate us; that if it should please the Divine hand hereafter to visit us with prosperity, we may have reaped the fruit of righteousness intended by this season of adversity." She speaks, too, of her cheerful willingness to live in the humblest way, and

to exercise any degree of self-denial, so that they might keep out of debt and difficulty. Nor were these mere words, as the writer of these lines can testify; for years after, when her income by her wisdom and economy was increased to a comfortable, though moderate sufficiency, she has often been known to wait months before she bought a print or a book upon which she had set her heart, because she thought she could not well afford it! And it was delightful to see united with this self-denial and thoughtfulness in the expenditure of money, how freely and nobly she gave to those who needed it. Many a sorrowful heart has her bounty caused to sing for joy; many, who reduced, perhaps, from affluence, too proud to ask, and suffering in silence, have blessed the giver of the help which it was her delight anonymously to bestow.

It was whilst the sorrows we have detailed were pressing upon Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, that the writings of the Port Royalists were first made known to her. She one day unexpectedly received a parcel from Mrs. Hannah More, containing some few volumes of the Port Royal writers. They seemed providentially sent to meet the inmost wants of her heart and spirit, in this season of outward trial and perplexity. She read them with the deepest interest; she soon succeeded in obtaining others, and the first fruits of these studies, by which she after-

wards became so well known, appeared to the public in Lancelot's "Tour to La Grande Chartreuse and Alet," which was published in 1813. A second edition was soon called for. In 1816, it was followed by the narrative of the "Demolition of Port Royal des Champs," with biographical notices of its later inhabitants. In 1829, these works, with many additions, were published under the title of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal." In this form they have passed through many editions.

Immediately after the peace of 1814, Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck made a tour on the continent. They visited Holland, and passed some pleasant time at Count SchimmelPenninck's, and with other members of Mr. SchimmelPenninck's family.

They also visited Port Royal with deep interest. In the Netherlands Mrs. SchimmelPenninck formed an acquaintance with a Jansenist bishop, Count Grégoire; with him she visited the tomb of the holy Jansenius, and through his help she succeeded in obtaining many valuable Port Royal works, little known, and not attainable in England. It is in connection with the memories of Port Royal that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's name is chiefly known to the public; she always rejoiced and gave thanks to God that she had been the means of enabling these holy people to speak to this generation. They were henceforth to be her chosen friends and companions,

the subjects of her daily studies, and the delight of her daily life. She never missed an opportunity of acknowledging the spiritual blessings which it had pleased God to bestow upon her through their instrumentality.

When writing on this subject, Mrs. Hannah More says: "I am glad to see you have so much contributed to make Port Royalism known in this country. Even religious readers are in general ignorant of the treasures of religion and learning possessed by these devoted people. I was, even at an early period of my spiritual reading, so warm in their praise, that Dr. Johnson used to call me 'the Jansenist.'"

Her works at this time appeared in rapid succession. Mr. SchimmelPenninck took a lively interest in his wife's literary labours; indeed, it appears that it was mainly owing to his sympathy and wishes that several of her books were published. In 1815 appeared the "Theory of Beauty and Deformity." It was the opinion of some competent judges, that this work showed more of her original talent and genius than any other of her published writings, but it did not prove popular. It was encumbered by most voluminous notes, containing a mass of information not likely, perhaps, to be generally interesting, though testifying abundantly to the author's rare and extensive literary research.

The "Theory" suggests an answer to the vexed

question concerning the standard of beauty. It shows that the error had been in seeking for *one* standard of beauty, when nature has constituted several. These standards of beauty the author considers to be evidently founded on the successively developed perceptions and requirements of man, and to consist respectively in the reflection from material objects, of the power, the love, and the life of the Divine Being.

In later life Mrs. Schimmel Penninck lamented that in this early work her Theory had not received its proper application to Christian art and Christian taste, nor had been based on its true foundation in Christian truth. It was her cherished wish to re-write the whole, from the enlarged and deepened convictions of her later mind.

She believed that the task of unfolding the eternal principles of beauty, though humble compared with that of teaching spiritual truth, was yet of practical importance. She considered "the *tastes* to be the extreme ramifications of principles," and she held that the arrangement of a house, and of domestic scenery, according to the perceptions of a rightly informed taste, went far towards promoting the cheerfulness and harmonious feelings of those who would receive its influence. She was deeply anxious, therefore, to discharge the task which she believed had been committed to her, to the glory of God; and her



posthumous work on the "Principles of Beauty" is the result of this desire. It was written in the latter years of her life, but while it might yet be said of her, that spiritually "her eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated."

In the autobiography, we have seen the interest which the subject of slavery awakened in Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mind from early childhood. The active exertions of future years corresponded with this early horror at the iniquities of the slave trade. At a time when the energies of many benevolent persons of her own sex were strained to the utmost in the cause of the slave, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck devotedly laboured in the part assigned to her. By unwearied counsel and sympathy, and by the use of her ready pen, she gave most efficient support and help to the abolitionists of Bristol. We have abundant testimony how highly her labours were estimated. Hannah More writes of her "excellent tracts" on this subject, one of which seems to have excited a more than common degree of interest. It is on the "difference between Jewish and West Indian slavery," and is entitled "Is Slavery justified or condemned by Scripture?" I regret to say I have been unable to obtain a correct list of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's tracts and lesser publications either on this or other subject.

During the years of which I am now speaking,

Mr. and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck received, though always with simplicity, a good deal of society at their own house ; literary people, family friends and connections, and others, attracted by the charm which Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's wit and originality threw around her.

In the year 1813, she first became acquainted with the late excellent Mrs. Richard Smith, an acquaintance which soon ripened into close friendship, and which, as we shall see, took an important place in her daily life, and continued almost without a cloud for more than forty years. Mrs. Smith and the Rev. Dr. Okely, pastor of the Moravian church in Bristol, a man of devoted piety, and of many gifts and peculiarities, were her frequent guests.

She had also at this time very frequent intercourse with the late Lady Bedingfeld, and with Mr., afterwards Cardinal, and Mrs. Weld, who then resided at Clifton, and with Sir Thomas Clifford, whom she constantly met at their house. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained the highest respect and esteem for these excellent friends, but letters written at this time bear witness that she was enabled to resist the most strenuous efforts made by them to bring her over to their communion.

Love to her mother was the great affection of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life. No words of mine can adequately convey her grief when the long

illness of this beloved parent terminated in death, November 16th, 1817.

One who was with her at that time, and passed through those deep waters in near sympathy with a sorrow which no human aid could mitigate, believed that she would have sunk under the anguish of her mind, but God in His love and mercy brought her through. Every year during the rest of her life, as November came round, she put on mourning in vivid remembrance of this, her greatest sorrow; she wore it till Christmas Day, and then she took it off, "in sympathy with the glad tidings that day commemorated to the vast family of God's children."

Of outward things, in this time of sore trial, probably nothing afforded Mrs. SchimmelPenninck so much consolation as the study of her favourite Port Royal writers. She often used to say that these books having been sent to her before this sad time was an especial instance of Divine love and mercy. She had also now begun the study of Hebrew with her friend Mrs. Richard Smith, and henceforth this Divine language, as she loved to call it, became one of her chief delights. Its ideal character exactly met her mind, as the light it afforded in her studies of the word of God met her conscience.

The first fruit of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's Hebrew studies appeared in 1821, in a little work

entitled "Biblical Fragments," to which a second volume was added as a supplement in the succeeding year.

Amongst Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's tracts appeared a very interesting notice of the late Emperor Alexander. It was in part a translation from the French, and contained many facts not generally known to the English public. This little book excited great interest.

The year 1818 was marked by her reception into the Moravian Church, into which her scruples with regard to the use of the "Lot" had, as we have seen, hitherto prevented her from being received as a member. In her letter to Dr. Okely, in which she applies for fellowship, when tracing the course of her mind on this subject, she thus expresses her ultimate conviction: "I had, indeed, long believed in Jesus, but, like Martha, I had too often been busied about many things, though all, as I thought, relating to His service. I now began to feel that I most needed, like Mary, to sit quietly at His feet, and my heart yearned after companions who, in common with other Christian brethren, feed on the Bread of Life, but eat it unmixed with the chaff of human speculation. During this period, too, I had seen much of the so-called religious world, and all I saw without, as well as all I had experienced within, convinced me more and more of man's utter empti-

ness and of our Saviour's all-sufficient fulness, and made me long to flee to some asylum among brethren who should have experienced, like myself, that men are nothing and that 'Christ is all in all.' I resolved then to search the Scriptures on the subject of 'the Lot,' and accordingly I found it was used under the old covenant to fix the habitation of the children of Israel, and to appoint the order in which the priests should offer incense in the temple, and on various other occasions; and I found that the very earliest act of the Apostolic Christian Church was to establish an appeal to 'the Lot' in the choice of ministers under the new covenant; and, lest we should imagine this a temporary privilege, the grounds of its establishment are given, and these grounds are evidently of a permanent nature. Proverbs xviii. 18, 'The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty.' And again, Proverbs xvi. 33, 'The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the LORD.' Such were the steps by which our Saviour led me, and I found myself a Sister at heart before I was aware of it."

## CHAP. VIII.

1819—1826.

“No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend to whom you may impart griefs, joys, hopes, fears, suspicions, counsels, or whatever lieth on the heart to oppress it.”—BACON.

IN the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck derived very great pleasure and refreshment from visits which she paid to her valued friends and relations at Falmouth. In these visits Mr. SchimmelPenninck accompanied her. Nor was the happy intercourse she enjoyed there confined to that of her cousins; she became intimately acquainted with other members of this large circle, especially with the revered head of the family, the late Mrs. Fox, whom the subject of this memoir regarded with peculiar love and admiration. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often applied to her for advice, alike in spiritual and temporal concerns, and she always found a blessing in following it. Mrs. Fox was a plain Friend in principle and practice, and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's early association with Friends, and her matured con-



viction that among them are and have been numbered some of the excellent of the earth, served but as an additional bond. A close and true friendship was formed between them, which lasted without interruption till Mrs. Fox, this "mother in Israel," was removed to her eternal home.

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck gave a lively description of these happy visits in a series of letters to a mutual friend. The letters are full of interest and characteristic traits of the writer's mind.

"It is almost impossible," she says, "to convey to you an idea how interesting, and yet how unlike any other place, is this remarkable country. The only bad thing I have seen is the roads, and they are just like many ultra-evangelical persons, very sound in the main, but of such bad and grating tempers that you are tormented at every step you take with them. This is, however, the only inconvenience. Every thing else is delightful.

"In the first place, the people look so good: Friends' dresses, orthodox bonnets, brown gowns, caps white as driven snow, meet your eye in every quarter. In the poorest cottages you see not only Bibles and expensive biblical commentaries, such as Scott's or Henry's, with Cruden's Concordance, but books on geology, astronomy, or mathematics.

"Alfred Fox told me, he conceived the Cornish character to be formed by their circumstances.

There are in Cornwall one hundred and sixty mines, some of which, such as the great mines of Dolcooth, Botallack, and Huel Abraham, are two hundred and forty fathoms deep—a prodigious depth; and many masters have in their employ fourteen hundred men. A great part, then, of the Cornish population are miners, or immediately connected with them. This is an occupation full of risk; the falling of one stone behind him immures the miner in a living grave. The explosion of fire damp, the gush of subterranean springs, accidents from blasting, and a hundred other things, occasion him, and the family dependent on him, to go from day to day as with their lives in their hands. It is, then, natural that their religion should partake of this. The Cornish man who seeks religion seeks it not to occupy the applause of a Bible meeting, or to be a great man at a class meeting, he seeks it not to inspire him in conversation, but to support him in adversity, in accidents of the most appalling nature, and at the hour of death. Hence the Cornish man's religion is a religion not of cant, but of spirit and truth.

“Again, the miner is paid by the piece, and the same quantity of work is done with a very different degree of labour, according to the rock he has to penetrate. He is thus led to exercise his mind to gain a knowledge both of mineralogy and mechanics, to form a probable idea of the rocks he will have to

encounter, their mode of succeeding each other, &c. Hence they become acute, discerning, and well-informed. They generally work in the mine six hours at a time; they put on a flannel dress, in which they work, and when they come up again 'to grass' as they call it, they strip it off, bathe, and put on a clean suit. And I can hardly tell you how nice the Cornish villages look. They are mostly situated in some glen or ravine, watered by lovely brooks, wildly rushing over their beds of granite or serpentine, and their banks luxuriant with trees and flowers,—Portugal laurel, tamarisks, arbutus, growing like timber trees. In the midst peep the cottages, built of granite, which gives them a sort of Egyptian massive substantiality. Myrtles, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and other flowers of a like description, fill the cottage gardens. You see also beds of carnations, roses, tiger lilies, &c., which the first nursery gardens might be proud of. I think, perhaps, the miners working so many hours under ground feel a peculiar delight in the fresh air and sun and bright colouring of flowers. I never saw such gardens anywhere, not even in Holland. You will be convinced how different the climate is from ours, when I tell you that on the last day of the year, Mrs. Fox gathered in her garden a nosegay of geraniums, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and myrtle. As for the myrtles and arbutus, they form groves

from twenty to thirty feet high. But it is not only the great beauty of the vegetation, the substantial granite cottages, and the neat appearance of the people, which is so striking, but the contrasts of scenery you are perpetually encountering. Now you emerge on vast moors, brown or purple with heath, without one sign of cultivation as far as the eye can reach, uninterrupted but by the fragments or boulders of primeval granite, strewn far and wide like the vast desolations of some immense city, passed away in the night of long departed centuries; or else piled up in fantastic form, as though by the witchery and spite of demons, poised on pinnacles whence they appear as though they must inevitably be hurled: and beyond is the vast and dark and desolate ocean, roaring amidst wild cliffs and caverns. Then suddenly you descend into a beautiful and romantic dell. Acacias, Spanish chestnuts, and ornamental trees, playful and wild brooks, cottages, in the midst of tall groves of myrtle, peep on every side; and the peasants, in their neat dresses, reading or knitting, or perhaps teaching their children at their cottage door. One moment, the bleak moor, with its granite and its ocean, sends you back to the idea of Eternity, and everything that is solemn, vast, and awful; the next, the sweet smiling seclusion, and the brilliant showers of frail blossoms surrounding you on all

sides, bring every image of comfort, gaiety, and cheerfulness.

“At Lostwithiel is a most beautiful ruin called Restormel Castle. I think your friend Lord Erskine’s eldest son takes his title from it. At Saint Austell’s, too, is one of the greatest curiosities of England—Carclaze mine. It is almost the only mine—I believe the only one—which is an open mine; so that from the mouth you look down to a vast depth, where you see the miners at work. Truro is the last stage between Plymouth and Falmouth. It has not improperly been called the Bath of Cornwall. It is beautiful for situation; handsomely, even elegantly built; the streets are wide, the architecture well designed, and the granite material always gives a noble and substantial effect. You feel you are looking on the same which, in Egypt, presents us with the memorial of the skill of forty past centuries. I looked at Truro with interest, as the birth-place of Henry Martyn: but I own, after a fatiguing day’s journey, as we entered the carriage to descend from it next time, fagged and wearied, at the house of friends where I had never set foot before, I felt not a few misgivings; sometimes congratulating myself with being near my journey’s end; sometimes earnestly wishing it were yet further off. As we proceeded, the country was increasingly beautiful. We passed near Gwennap a place cele-

brated in the annals of Methodism, being the natural amphitheatre in which the venerable John Wesley so often addressed the multitudes around. Near Gwennap is a place worth seeing, called Carnon Stream Works. Instead of mining for tin, they here direct streams over the sides of the hills, so as to wash down the loose tin, which is here termed 'Stream Tin.' Here have been found many interesting antiquities; a pickaxe made of elk's horn, flint arrow-heads, and human skeletons buried beneath several strata (alternately of fresh water and marine shells) near twenty-four feet from the present surface of the ground. Evening was quite closed in when we entered Falmouth. We drove through the town, which terminates in a row of good, even elegant, houses on a terrace, which is there called 'The Bank,' raised about twelve or fourteen feet above the sea, but not defended even by a parapet wall. The very last house is our dear friend Mrs. Fox's. There is a portico, and a few steps up, just as it is at Earlham; and on these steps all this kind family came to welcome us. Oh! how delightful did their cordial welcome, their cheerful countenances, and their hospitable house, seem after our long journey. Fatigue vanished in a moment; and the first five minutes seemed to bring the established cheerful and placid peace of a friendship of years. How I do love Friends!"



*To the same.*

“ My very dear friend.

“ I must now tell you of our excursion to Marazion and Penzance. . . . The rain cleared, the mist rolled away over the hills, and at once unfolded, as if by magic, the beautiful expanse of Mount's Bay at our feet. Towering in the centre, opposite the village of Marazion, St. Michael's Mount—like the queen of the ocean in the midst of the sea—raises its hoary granite head crowned with lofty Gothic towers and battlements, then diademed with sunbeams, whilst vast mis-shapen and disjoined crags of rock, reaching far and wide in scattered profusion, present an impregnable barrier to the billows foaming around its base. . . . Much of the beauty of this scene arises, too, from the dispersed villages being built of granite, which, like our ecclesiastical architecture, is of a colour to catch mellow and rich light, and yet to harmonise perfectly with the landscape colours and the bright green serpentine rocks, rich in flowers, and especially producing the beautiful *Erica vagans*, which is found in great profusion, scattered over the serpentine district.

Beyond is Marazion, famous for its beautiful Mount, which is rich in tin, in topaz, chalcedony, and garnet. It is separated from the main-land by rocks extending about a quarter of a mile, which at ebb

tide may be crossed on foot like a rude bridge, but at half tide are impassable but in a boat.

“ The village is venerable for its high antiquity, and for the history universal tradition attaches to it, and which geological research, so far as it goes, seems to confirm.

“ Three thousand years ago when the Phœnicians are said to have traded to Cornwall for tin, and the fleets of Hiram and Solomon visited our distant shores, this place was the spot they more particularly resorted to, as, indeed, it is peculiarly rich in metals.

“ Our own earlier historians tell us that then Mount's Bay was not, but that a forest, deep and wild and venerable, and the scene of many Druidic rites, occupied the whole of what is now its beautiful expanse ; and St. Michael's Mount, called in Doomsday and all our ancient records ‘ the hoar Mount in the wood,’ is said then to have lifted up its venerable front as a beacon and landmark in the midst of dark forests, six miles distant from the sea ; and accordingly, in the geological researches, since the establishment of the Cornish Geological Society in 1812, it has been found that roots and trees, in short, a complete submarine forest, exists about four feet beneath the sand of the bay.

“ In these remote times, then, long before the sea was there, it is said that Solomon's and Hiram's fleets were once cast away amongst its wild rocks and

caverns. Some few of the adventurous mariners are said to have escaped death, but their fleet, their friends, their means of return were cut off, and after wandering about on these shores, where the Druidical superstitions forbad their mingling with the savage Britons, the friendless Israelites here raised a few huts which grew into a village, which they called, from their distress, *Mara Zion!* or The Affliction of Zion. Here, it is said, they raised an altar to the True God, first consecrating our shores in the night of distant centuries of paganism; and the hills of Penzance, and the deep caverns and crags of Saint Michael's Mount, whilst their tin-veins first afforded occupation to these outcasts of Israel, remain consecrated to every English and Christian heart, as having first heard the anthems of Zion, and awakened their echoes to the name and the praise of the One only true and eternal God, blessed for ever.

“Frequently, in this and other parts of Cornwall, are found hollowed places containing scorix and slag, and many lumps of refined tin, which are called ‘Jews’ houses,’ and ‘Jews’ house tin,’ from a belief that these were the spots where the Jews were wont to smelt their tin ore. It is thought they smelted it by the simple process of blowing through tubes, which is a way similar to that practised by the North American Indians, who, even now, are in the habit of smelting metals by blowing flame upon them

through bamboo tubes, which produces a fire as fierce as that of a furnace, though much smaller in extent; so we see that the blow-pipe, instead of being a new, is in truth a very ancient invention.

“Such are the records tradition has handed down about Marazion. How far they are true or not, how far they are, as the Catholics say, matters of faith or only of respectful silence, I cannot determine; but at all events they are pleasant to Christian imaginations, and grateful to Christian hearts, and I will not quarrel with them, since they changed the feelings with which I might otherwise have looked on the little fishing town of Marazion into those of interest and veneration.”

*To the same.*

“After we had dined, we went to see the town of Penzance, which is a very beautiful one, and which bears a peculiar character, imparted to it by that of its inhabitants. The granite houses, covered with myrtles, passion-flowers, and geraniums; the gurgling brooks of clear water down the centre of every street; the numerous scientific institutions, libraries, and lecture-rooms, form a combination of rural scenery, rusticity, and science, which seems to unite at once a sense of being in a remote place, centuries behind

the rest of England in luxury, yet very far before it in information.

“The church is a neat one, and the burial place seemed crowded with tombs, probably because of the imperishable nature of the granite slabs of which they are composed; and it seemed strange to me to see so many memorials of unknown generations passed away, recorded in the same material which tells of the victories of Sesostris or the pride and superstition of Cheops.

“This churchyard opens into a vast burial ground, whose wide extent and crowded monumental tablets almost make it seem, not like the cemetery of a country town, but like one vast city of the dead. This is the burial ground of strangers, and has from time immemorial engulfed the succeeding multitudes sent here, from all quarters of Europe, in the delusive hope of restoration from this mild summer-like climate. Names, not only from every part of England, but from Germany, Holland, from France—nay—many from Rome, had here found an early grave; and as I looked on this vast mortuary field, containing names from so many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, who had here sought bodily health, I could not help feeling a prayer rise in my heart that they might be found in that vast assembly gathered from the east, and west, and north, and south, who

have sought that true health which, at the Great Physician's hands, shall never be sought in vain.

“ . . . . . It being now almost getting dark, we returned to our inn, which we soon found was overflowing with the influx of Friends for the Marazion Monthly Meeting. Accordingly, next day, we rose early, and having breakfasted with all despatch, set off for Marazion. As we pursued our lonely way, the scenery was most striking. It was a fine, but yet blowing day, the vast bay covered with curling waves, rushing in and crested with foam, the clouds swiftly chasing each other, so as sometimes to leave St. Michael's Mount in deep shadow, sometimes to illuminate it with sudden light; the breakers of surge roaring amidst its caverns, and leaping up its sides, and boiling amidst the huge disjointed crags which surround its base; whilst the meadow-land and hills on the other side were rendered picturesque from the various groups of Friends pouring down in all directions, and bound, like ourselves, to the Meeting. Some were walking, others in carts, in every shade of orthodox drab and brown, others in gigs; and, had the characteristic hat and orthodox bonnet been wanting, the sober and staid pace of both gig and riding horses would immediately have convinced me they had been brought up from early youth in Friends' principles. And, as almost all the party greeted me with a nod and kind looks, I conclude



our un-Friendly yellow chariot was redeemed by the orthodoxy of Frances's and my bonnets. As I looked at the various parties I could not help thinking how good, and kind, and respectable Friends appear. We, however, whose horses were not so orthodox, soon gained upon them, and left them far behind; and when we got to Marazion, I should have been at a loss to direct our driver to find the inn where we were to meet our dear friends, had not a large open and crowded space, and a whole phalanx of silk bonnets and broad-brim hats at the door, over which was painted a most unradiant star or sun (which, to quote Milton, was utterly 'shorn of his beams'), given me the information that we were arrived at our destination. Accordingly, we soon recognised our beloved friends. It being now time we proceeded.

"The Fox family and the Barclays seemed half to fill this little Meeting; and the neatness and nicety of their dress formed a touching contrast to the rusticity of the place. In the gallery sat J. K., a man of oratory almost as diffuse as even this epistle of mine, by him M. F., and next to her our dear friend.

"As the Meeting gathered, the effect to me was most striking. The deep silence, interrupted only by the rushing of the wind and the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore; the persons

before me, and especially M. F.,—whom I had so often seen in Bath, gay, and adorning such different society, and as I looked upon her countenance, oh ! how in an instant, as in Mr. Crabbe's "Parting Hour," did I feel the work of years, and as in his poem the power of God is exhibited in tearing away the gay visions of earth, so here immediately gushed upon the heart His goodness and His power in substituting for them the enjoyment of heaven.

"How wonderful did it seem to me, when she rose up and opened her lips, to hear divinely taught wisdom stealing like dew upon the soul from one whom I so well remembered in such different scenes ; and bearing the evidence, too, of a teacher sent as a blessing from God. How affecting to the soul appeared the deep, the profound self-abasement and humility, with which this person, ever used to the admiration of polished society, now addressed the rustic assemblage, who, except her own family connexions, constituted the whole of her audience. The door of the Meeting was open : in the deep stillness my eye rested upon the sods which covered the graves of Edwin Price, Georgiana Barclay, and many of the friends and close relatives of those sitting around ; and how wonderful did it seem, as I looked on the party before me, and saw the unbroken and holy religious composure and deep communion resting on so many of their youthful

countenances, to think that the tussock of rank grass, the weed, and the thistle, shivering in the wind, were really waving over the resting-places of those who, scarce two years, who scarce one year ago, were their companions, and who three years ago beamed with youth and health and strength like those I then looked on. I cannot express the profound melancholy I felt as I gazed on their burial place near this wild and desolate shore.

“ . . . . . When the Meeting at length broke up, Mrs. Fox and Maria descended from the gallery, and kindly put me under the care of Miss —. She is a lady, I suppose, about fifty; in appearance something between two very different persons—Miss Tucker, our late Moravian Labouress, and your former sentimental friend, Mrs. F. She has a most benevolent countenance; her dress is rather a worldly dress, stripped and shorn, than a plain dress, which I think has not an agreeable effect. Her manner is most kind, and all she says is good, though I think she has acquired a slight shade of that wailing tone so common, I know not why, amongst some evangelical people, which is not according to my taste. She is, however, a very excellent person, universally well spoken of, entirely devoted to a mother ninety-four years of age, whom she never leaves. She was most kind, and took me to her brother’s house, which is a very handsome

one ; and also to a cottage he has on the cliff, which is truly beautiful ; and we then walked on the beach, between Marazion and the Lizard. She was most obliging, yet I should have enjoyed her company more, if we had not been at cross purposes the whole time.

“ I being very much bent on mineralogy, and knowing Saint Michael’s Mount to be a most celebrated place for minerals, and having but this hour, was longing to know all about them, whereas Miss —— also, having but this hour with a Bristol person, was intent on hearing the biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, so that our conversation was much as follows :—

“ Miss ——.—‘ You enjoy a great and unspeakable privilege, Madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advantage of sitting under Mr. ——’s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine.’

“ M. A. S.—‘ Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much.—But what a delightful situation you have so near St. Michael’s Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals ; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations.’

“ Miss ——.—‘ Do you know the Honourable Miss Powys, and Lady Southampton, and the Miss Buchans?’

“M. A. S.—‘I have occasionally met them.— Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which this Mount is so celebrated? or can you tell me where I can meet with them?’ &c. &c. &c. ——

“Miss —— talking like Christian in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and I like Mammon in Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost.’ Thus we went on *à tort et à travers*, till half-past one, when Miss —— kindly took me to John Barclay’s, where we were to dine.”

*To the same.*

“..... Sometimes I could distinguish the mother’s voice by its earnest and yearning tenderness; occasionally the deep voice of the father, in serious exhortation; but oftener the little voices of the children, of whom it may be truly said, ‘that God has perfected praise;’ for the deep feeling of the love of God seems to live and glow in every little heart. Then I used to hear the trampling of many little feet, as the three children, and their maid, and Frances and Emma, with Maria Fox, and a mule to assist in carrying the weary ones, used to set out in company, down the garden, and through the lane, to the beach, where, alone in the midst of the rocks and the caverns, and with no

spectators but the shags and the sea-gulls, they used to bathe.

“It was pleasant to me, as I was dressing, to watch them coming back, winding along the cliffs; and, as they drew near, Maria, seated on her mule, with little Carry in her arms, Anna Maria by her side, and the others surrounding her, repeating their hymns and psalms, they used to look just like Raffaele’s picture of the Holy Family in the flight to Egypt. Maria’s holy and maternal countenance on these occasions I shall never forget; nor the sweet and tender emotion of her children. Little Carry, especially, used to enjoy the ride. ‘O Mamma,’ said she, one day, ‘do let me say my hymn louder, for the poor mule is listening, and cannot hear me.’ Their return I used soon to know by Carry or Barclay besetting me, the moment I opened my door, to tell them stories of wild beasts.

“At half-past eight the loud stroke of a Chinese gong called the whole household to assemble for reading. As it resounded through the house and grounds, I thought of the gongs or cymbals used by caravans in the desert, to call the distant wayfaring pilgrims, and give them notice of the wells of water; and of the beautiful Scripture comparison, so often used in the Psalms and here literally fulfilled, of striking the high-sounding cymbal to call to the wells of salvation, and to bid every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord.”



*To the same.*

“ You, my dear friend, who have always been in the bosom of your own family, and whose present associates do not place you beyond the reach of your early friends, and whose abode has not taken you for ever from the scenes of your early attachments, can scarcely imagine the exquisite and heart-cheering enjoyment it is to me to see those whom I remember as part of the scenery of my early life.

“ It is pleasant to me, who live as it were amongst people of a foreign tongue, to look on countenances that have seen those I deeply love, to hear voices they have heard, and to see, as it were, a living memento of times long since for ever passed away, and living only deep buried in a heart-affecting and mournful remembrance.

“ I never, I believe, see any one of my own family connections without deeply feeling this; and I have a love and real affection to them, of a sort I never can have to any others. It is as a bond of blood, which no distance of time or place can sever; and I can never look on the face of a Barclay, without feeling that sort of love which we do to a tree or cot, which we remember as part of the scenery of our childhood.

“ How far more did I feel in this instance, where the more clearly I saw the more highly I valued. Never, I think, shall I forget the happy hours I

spent with Maria in these afternoons. I expected the refreshment that a visit to our native country brings to one whose abode is in a land of strangers. I found it like a vision of Canaan to a heart still journeying and laden in the desert; a sweet refreshment, but a blessing too. My only regret was the absence of dear Lucy. Sometimes we talked over old times, then of many of our former friends, the various ways in which Divine mercy had met them, and the various paths by which they had been led. Then we spoke of ourselves, our former minds, and our own courses. I told her how at length, after passing through Methodism, I landed in the Moravian Church; and she told me how she became a Friend, and how she got to Falmouth, and how she became a preacher. She told me, too, of Agatha, of Rachel's death, and of Elizabeth's change; and all this interspersed, again and again, with her returning to her lovely children.

“Everything she said, though I believe I never expressed it, added to my esteem and true affection for her. There was a moderation, a deep humility, an unaffected but sterling truth and good sense without literary pretension, a practical wisdom, that made every word seem like the right one, neither too much nor too little. Open and frank, yet with prudence; a strictly conscientious but an experienced, and therefore a capacious-hearted Christian;

a devoted mother, but seeking for her children, as for herself, good things rather than high things.

“I can scarcely say how very much I enjoyed these talks both with Maria and our dear friend at the Bank ; yet they were altogether different in character. Towards our friend I felt almost the same kind of confidence, reliance, and affectionate veneration as to a parent ; and I treasured up her words, as lessons of deep wisdom and truth, as from lips that I had long been accustomed to venerate.

“Falmouth Meeting is said to have more convinced Friends than any other ; and I no longer wonder (though I have not verified the prediction) that E. P. said to me as I went down : ‘Thou must beware of Falmouth ; for all who inhale Falmouth air become Friends, if they were not so ; and turn zealous Friends, if they were lukewarm ones.’

“But I forget, we are all this time in the summer-seat (in the long walk, where Maria and I had our talks) whilst evening is coming on : and it is almost time to see in the distance the little merry face of Carry, with Anna Maria and Barclay, preceding the walking party ; and, as soon as they see us from the wicket, running up ; Carry jumping and throwing her arms round my neck ; Anna Maria gently seating herself at my knee, and softly kissing me ; and Barclay standing by, taking my hand ; and all proclaiming, it is time to tell them more stories ;

and accordingly, when they had dragged me by the shawl and gown into the drawing-room, and were seated, one on my knee, and the others about me, I generally did for twenty minutes before tea.

“After which, Robert would shew us experiments; a few amusing ones, with which the children were delighted, and the principles of which he explained to them; after which they generally retired to bed. Imagine the back drawing-room strewn with reflectors, and magnets, and specimens of iron, and borax, cobalt, copper ore, blow-pipes, platina, &c. &c.; deflagrations, fusions, and detonations, on every side; whilst we were deeply interested in watching the fusions of the ores, or their assaying; only that now and then I, having a house of my own, had a fellow-feeling with Maria, at seeing a certain beautiful zebra-wood table splashed with melted lead or silver, and the chased Bury Hill candlestick deluged with acids.

“Whilst we were thus engaged, after the children went, Maria would withdraw. She made a point every night of sitting a little with each of them, reading to them some short portion of Scripture, or allowing them to repeat any thing they might have learnt of their own accord, or might have on their minds to say. She would converse a little with them, and have a little silence, leading each to self-examination if they had told the truth, and lived in love, and been obedient. This time the children looked forward to as the

happiest of the whole day. I can scarcely say how valuable I think this habit is to them, nor the sweet and confidential and religious influence it seems to spread over their lives. A little after ten the supper made its appearance. Soon after, I went up to bed. Maria generally accompanied me, and stayed, perhaps, five, or at most, ten minutes in my room; ending the day with her household, with her guests, as with her children, in some sweet and quiet intercourse. I felt it like the prophet's evening blessing, or as heavenly dew falling on the heart, penetrating, and refreshing, and preparing it to wait in spirit and in truth upon the Lord of the household Himself."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck looked back to this period with peculiar interest. After her visit to Falmouth, she passed some time in London and its neighbourhood. Her stay principally was with her kind friends at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, and from thence she visited many friends and relations. Circumstances prevented her from seeing her cousins at Earham; but she enjoyed intercourse with Mrs. Fry, and other members of the Gurney family. She thus writes of a visit she paid to her relations, the late Mr. and Mrs. Barclay.

"I have not yet said how much we enjoyed a visit of ten days at Bury Hill. It was quite a treat to be once more with Agatha, and to meet Elizabeth. It was indeed encouraging and heart-cheering to be

with them. I only longed that Maria and her dear children had been with us to complete the party. Elizabeth seemed, for her, well and comfortable; and Agatha quite of one spirit with her sister, differing only in garb. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were most kind, and I seldom paid a visit in which all the members of the family appeared, from first to last, more usefully and honourably employed, and in which all appeared guided more by real principle. It was a truly delightful visit."

But amongst the kindnesses she received, and the delight of renewing old ties, there was nothing upon which she oftener loved to dwell than intercourse she at this time enjoyed with Hannah Kilham, the devoted missionary and martyr in the cause of Africa. Hannah Kilham had just returned from her first visit to that country. Through subsequent years, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck often spoke of her as one of the most single-minded persons she had ever known, and as one who, in her deep abhorrence and condemnation of sin, and in her boundless love to the sinner, in an eminent degree possessed the spirit of her Master, and trod in His footsteps. The final sacrifice of her life in the cause to which she had devoted it, was ever a subject of much feeling to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck.



## CHAP. IX.

1837—1846.

“ Affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures,  
and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is not love.”     BACON.

THE last day of 1837 was a Sunday. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had just returned from the Moravian chapel; her friend Mrs. Richard Smith had called, and was sitting by her side, and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was speaking with earnestness on the work of the Holy Spirit, when in a moment she was seized with paralysis; life seemed to stand still; she thought herself dying, and made an exclamation to that effect. Happily, medical help was near at hand. Dr. Riley happened to be passing, and was with her in a few moments: he bled her, and ordered other remedies; and after a time the powers of life began to return, her speech became more articulate and her mind clearer.

Though this attack of paralysis was called slight

by her medical attendants, and probably was so in reality, yet long years passed ere she recovered from its effects. Up to this time, in all Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's fragile health, her clear and vigorous mind was ready at her command; in all sorrow her intellectual pursuits were her first earthly resource: now for a season it was to be otherwise. During this long illness she continually felt as if the powers of her mind had escaped from her control, and as if its clearness were dimmed and its elasticity gone. The whole of her right side was more or less affected, and this state was accompanied by a restlessness which was more difficult to bear than pain; but it was borne, as were all her sufferings, meekly and cheerfully; and in a few weeks the severity of the attack began to pass away. Change was considered very important, and her first move was to Henbury Court, where, in the early spring, she was received by her dear and valued friends, Mr. Stock, and his daughter, Mrs. Butterworth; and where she enjoyed that perfect liberty and tender kindness which her state required.

Previously to this time Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck had consulted the well-known Dr. Jephson. She had passed some weeks of the winter of 1836 under his medical care at Leamington; and the discipline of walking before meals, and his peculiar regimen, proved extremely useful to her. I have often heard

her and the dear friend who was her companion at Leamington, speak of their sallying forth by lamplight in the early winter mornings, to carry out the wishes of her doctor and kind friend.

In the present serious illness, Dr. Jephson was again applied to ; and, ere very long, Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck undertook the journey to Leamington, again to be under his care. His advice was very valuable : and some of the habits which she adopted, at first in compliance with his desire, were continued with advantage and comfort through the rest of her life. She often spoke of Dr. Jephson with lively gratitude. She found this justly celebrated man more than a skilful doctor ; he proved himself a disinterested friend.

It was in reference to her state at this time, that one expressively writes :—

“ Truly it is a divine power that can give wings to the soul, and elevate it above the infirmities of suffering nature, bestowing the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and stirring up the earnest and effective desire to be

“ ‘ Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As though Thy mercies had spare days ;  
But such a heart whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.’ ”

The health of Mr. SchimmelPenninck had also long been in a very precarious state ; many infirm-

ities were advancing upon him ; and in the hope that a change to Clifton might prove beneficial to them both a suitable house was sought there, and eventually found in Harley Place, where they removed in September, 1838. This change of residence was advantageous in many ways. The house was peculiarly cheerful and pleasant ; the proximity to the Down enabled Mrs. SchimmelPenninck to pursue the daily walks which were useful and refreshing alike to her mind and body ; while the clear fine air was not without a favourable influence on the health of her husband, whose failing powers confined him principally to the house ; but the improvement was of short duration. He bore with great patience many privations and much suffering incident to his state ; and died in June, 1840. Never was there a kinder heart than his. Till his mind became affected by illness, he had at command a large fund of information ; he was an eminently good historian, was fond of literature and the arts, especially of music and painting, and had a peculiar insight into character ; nothing escaped his observation. One, who had the opportunity of judging, speaks of “his modest worth and kindliness,” and of “his proud delight in his richly-endowed wife ;” he had no greater pleasure than listening to her music or her praises !

Time passed on, and step by step Mrs. Schimmel-

Penninck's mind and powers recovered their elasticity and brightness, if not their strength. She resumed her habitual pursuits; though from this time she led a comparatively secluded life, and was much separated from general society, for which, indeed, her health unfitted her. But in many respects these years of necessary seclusion were full of increasing blessing and happiness, both to herself and to those intimately associated with her.

Meanwhile, time had likewise wrought many changes with her friend, Mrs. Richard Smith. She too had lost her husband, and had subsequently removed to a pretty cottage at Stoke Bishop; and though the distance of two or three miles had modified the intercourse between these attached friends, yet many days rarely passed without their meeting. One morning in each week Mrs. Smith always spent in Harley Place; and cordially was her arrival, with her nosegay of sweet flowers, hailed by each member of the household. All loved her, and learnt to look upon her as a dear and honoured friend; many, in return, were the happy visits Mrs. SchimmelPenninck paid to her. Very frequently, too, when Mrs. Smith left home, she lent her cottage to her friend. It was on such an occasion that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck wrote:—

“ July 14th.

“ My very dear Friend,

“ This, though the first essay of taking pen in hand since I have been at the cottage, is yet not the first, by hundreds of times, that I have most affectionately and gratefully thought of you, and thanked you in my heart. I can scarcely tell you, though still very far from well, how the stay at this peaceful cottage has revived me. I miss you at every moment, and long every day that we were reading our Hebrew Psalms, or some other thing, together; yet I can hardly tell you how I enjoy the sweet country, the freshness of the turf, and the delightful shade of the walnut tree, under which we have been sitting and reading for the last hour. I cannot yet either read, or attend to reading, steadily; my mind seems to partake of the uncommon prostration I now feel. I am unable to walk much, or think much, or reflect any distinct mental image. Therefore it is I cannot write with ease, for my mind is as a troubled brook, or like our muddy Avon, that reflects no image distinctly; and consequently I cannot in words portray that of which I have no original image before me. . . . I am still reading ‘ Lady Powerscourt’s Letters,’ which I like so much. I take a letter, and mostly light upon something which furnishes a subject for prayer or meditation, or opens up some passage of Scripture



in a new point of view ; so that I find one letter of hers furnishes ample subject of reflection for many days.

“ How truly blessed a person she was. Sometimes, indeed, you detect what I should call the religious fashions and questions of the day, which I think not agreeable ; but then you constantly see, cropping from under all, the Rock of Ages ; and she expresses sentiments, and details experiences, which she has learnt not from men, but from our Lord Himself. ‘ This it is which gives such deep value to her book, though it is not without many light and trivial expressions, and commonly repeated phrases, which one wishes omitted, and yet even these, perhaps, add to the appearance of genuineness ; they exhibit the earthen vessel containing the treasure of God. It seems to me that ‘ Adam’s Private Thoughts,’ and ‘ Lady Powerscourt’s Letters,’ together form a spiritual library ; the one showing the demerits of man, the other the fulness of Christ.”

“ My dear Friend,

“ It is a real trial to me when I do not see you. We have now been walking side by side many, very many years. When we could use our minds continuously, how many pleasant hours have we spent, exercising them on the words of our Lord, sometimes more solemnly, sometimes more intellec-

tually, sometimes more interiorly, and sometimes even sportively. How often I think of those times with blessing; for whenever He, the Sun of our souls, shines, whether it be in full glory on the deep and vast ocean of Divine truth; or whether in sparkles on some little rill of living water, or sportively in the fancy about truth; yet wherever His light is, how beautiful, and pure, and holy is it there! And now, my dear, my long-loved friend, though many of these pleasures are ended, many comforts continue, as we descend, still side by side, and step by step, into the deep valley, through which the Jordan flows, that separates the wilderness from the blessed Land of Promise.

“How pleasant, as our sphere below in everything narrows, to feel that when things on earth fail, those above expand and send forth their roots, in deep evening strength; and how sweet it is to talk with those who, by experience, can say that, in the sliding away of all, they find Him, the Rock, all-sufficient, and, amidst the poverty of health and strength, have His ‘unsearchable riches’ overflowing. O let us cheer ourselves and each other, with the thought of such a Saviour.”

On the publication of the life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck read it with deep interest. She says of it, in writing to Mrs. Smith:—

“There is no wonderful incident in this book,

nothing to dazzle; but there truly is felt the commanding influence of integrity of heart and conscience, elevation of character, the paramount value of a deep foundation on the word of God; a concentration of all the powers of mind, heart, and body, to one great, not human, but Divine purpose; the impregnable strength of going forth armed with deep humility and with the sword of the Spirit, and clad in that panoply of God which Saint Paul describes in the sixth of Ephesians. Truly it is impossible to read that book without feeling what may be achieved through the instrumentality of one man, if that man indeed walk truly with God. In mortal life God was his invincible shield in his arduous warfare; as in immortal life God is, no doubt, his surpassingly great reward. Truly this is a book to water the root of character, to nourish life and power, and to elevate the heart."

I know not how better to convey a just idea of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck at this time, and especially of her interior life, than by again permitting her own pen to speak for her. She writes to her early and dear friend Mrs. Lloyd: ". . . . . How, when we come to middle life, this earth, the land of shadows, begins to glide on our backward view; and the eternal world, the land of realities, begins to grow upon the forward horizon! A brighter glory beams upon its everlasting hills; the bulwarks

of the celestial city seem to start into rich tints of living light; and the songs of joy and hymns of thanksgiving, to meet our ear, as our eyes descry so many familiar and endeared faces, amidst its blessed and happy inhabitants. Oh! how every religious tie, loosed in time, binds us faster to Eternity!

“I believe I have had these feelings lately, from my own ill health having confined me many weeks to my room. As we go on in the voyage of life, how some grey hair, or some illness—like the land-bird, or the gulf-weed, to the long-toiling mariner—tells us that, though not yet in sight, the land is drawing near, the port is at hand; and happy, most happy, is he who, on a good foundation, expects the glad, ‘Well done, thou faithful servant!’ of his King, and the glad welcome of his friends already landed, to cheer his spirit as he springs upon that happy land which is in reality his native shore.”

To the same friend, when in extreme illness, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes:—

“My very dear, and most honoured Friend,

“I have only this moment received the account of your increased illness. How I wish I might once more see you, if it were our Lord’s will! But as it is not, I earnestly wish by my pen to try at least to thank you, most gratefully and affec-

tionately, for all the long-continued faithful kindness and friendship I have experienced from you, in trial and in prosperity, in good and under evil report; in youth to old age—even from my fifteenth to my seventy-fifth year. May our Lord bless you abundantly for all!

“And, my very dear friend, may I join my deep thanksgiving to yours, for that ‘peace which passeth all understanding,’ which He now gives you. May His communion be sweet to you; and as we draw near to our home, how very precious, how fully sustaining, does His great sacrifice (as the means through which His boundless mercy flows) appear to us. We are both, far, very far advanced in our course, and nearing our home. How differently do things appear to us at the beginning and the end of our lives! And how all we have passed through seems again brought before us, and to be seen only in its bearing upon our Father’s house. How great many circumstances appear, which at the time seemed trivial; and how very many which appeared momentous shrink into next to nothing. And how, in the heart of our Lord, we seem not only to feel the blessing of His love, but, through Him, of renewed and purified union with all those He has bound us to, through time: those whom He has made the means of helping us, by their love or their discipline. I know not how to tell you how

affectionately, and gratefully, and reverently, I feel your long and unvarying kindness. How little did I think, in the first tea-visit I almost ever paid, when as a child you handed me a piece of your bride-cake, that in you I should find the person sent to uphold me, when forsaken by others. How often has a line from you, nay, the very *remembrance* of you, seemed to strengthen my heart, and to be made a means of lifting up the hands that hung down, and of strengthening the feeble knees. O my very dear cousin, great as is the blessing afforded by kindness, I believe the greatest of *all* is, that it is so often the means of renewing and brightening our faith in Him who has put it into the hearts of others to help us, and who thus become instruments, through *their* love, to bring home a renewed sense of *His* love and His care to us.

“Farewell! I know this illness will have been to the glory of God. May your dear family, and all about you, feel the great blessing and privilege of being permitted to be in that sick room where our Lord’s presence is, and to watch by that bed around which His angels encamp. May they find it like the years of plenty, when corn may be reaped in abundance, and when the wise will diligently lay up against the time of famine.

“Farewell! Remember me before Him you have so often taught me to love; and pray that He



would vouchsafe to have mercy upon me too, and that I may, when the little that remains of my course is ended, again with you, find a place at His feet above."

There were few persons admitted to familiar intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who did not at some time or other seek her counsel, in some of the complicated relations of life. The readiness and sympathy with which she entered into the circumstances thus brought before her, and her wisdom, in the discernment and exposition of the true principles, by which a course of conduct, in any given case, should be directed, are illustrated in the following letter, which, though long, is inserted for the sake of the views it contains on the subject of female education; a subject on which she had bestowed much thought, and of which we have no other record.

*To the Lady —*

"My dear Lady —

"I now hasten to reply to your letter received yesterday. I am truly concerned to hear you are so little well, and I much wish we could speak on the subject of your letter. It is a deeply

important one. But on every subject, if we wish to act wisely, it is necessary, first, to see our course clearly, and as a means to this, to have a distinct perception of the aim and object we really have in view. Now the term education is one so indefinite, that as many various ideas may be assigned to it as there are writers on the subject, and to know how to proceed in education, we must first know if we are of the same mind as to what education is or ought to be.

“ Some consider the education of a young lady to consist in learning how to make nets to catch affections, not cages to keep them when caught; others consider it to be turning the human subject into a living encyclopædia; but neither of these, I am convinced, is *your* view. I believe you think that education (*e-duco*) is the drawing forth and cultivating of those powers of body, mind, and heart, which our Lord has bestowed on each individual, so as to have all the tools He has entrusted to his children burnished, well set, and in good order, to execute whatever work He in His word and providential leading has or may appoint them. And that, therefore, it is not so much this individual science or that accomplishment which is to be brought to high perfection, but rather that general power, cultivation, strength, self-discipline and steadfastness of purpose, which shall give the ability of effectually turning the powers of the heart, the mind and body, to the

actual duties and purposes and refreshing influences of a scriptural woman's life.

“Now then, my dear Lady —, as all that is valuable for happiness depends on being truly in God's order, let me first observe, that His order for men and women is widely different; and, consequently, that their education must partake of a corresponding difference.

“Man typifies Christ who is self-subsistent; woman the Church, which is dependent and subservient, though united to Him. Man, in the affairs of life, is a substantive; woman the adjective to agree with it. The education of men must then be positive, that is, it must tend to some positive and determinate destination. He is to be a statesman or a philosopher, a poet or a divine; and all his education (however distinct the rays of knowledge), must yet converge to that point.

“With respect to a woman the case is far otherwise. She has no fixed destiny but the blessed one of being a helper. Her education then, must be a continued training of all her faculties and powers; to be ready with each, to take up or lay down this that or the other, as may be the future pursuit of her husband her father or her brother; or the future calls of the sick-room, the school-room, the dispenser to the poor, or the claims of the social or domestic circle.

“ It would not be well for a woman to resemble Mrs. M——, of whom it is told (I doubt not calumniously), that when requested to go to her husband in the article of death, replied, ‘ Wretch ! could he not have stayed till I had accomplished “ The Retreat of the Ten Thousand !! ” ’ ”

“ A woman should have the principles of various things (observe, not a smattering of the superficialities, but the principles) well laid, so as to be able with ease to go on with any thing which may be necessary, and to feel no great disappointment in having to turn from one to the other. And as woman is appointed by God as a helper, and her sceptre is the Gospel promise given to her, so now, in this fallen state, she should especially be grounded in Christian love and truth ; and as she was the means of the fall, so not only should she abound in shamefacedness and sobriety, silence, quietness and simplicity of dress, in modesty and humility, but also she should carry out that destiny appointed at first in innocence, through the condition of the fall she had occasioned. And as separation from God, sin, death, ignorance and poverty (the earth cursed), are the fruits of the fall, so in all these she is especially to be the helper : that is to say, in the holding up of the Gospel hope, and herself abiding in it ; by her being the educator of the uninstructed ; the nurse and comforter in sickness ; the wise and generous economist ; the help in

poverty ; the cheerer of the domestic circle, by leading others from the carking cares of life to the light within the dwelling ; that domestic sunshine which has the double beam of divine and brotherly love.

“ I have made this long preface, because I think the ground of what follows will be better understood, and without it would probably be unintelligible.

“ It does, then, seem to me, that it is far more important to have a thoroughly well-educated and well-informed governess than a very erudite or a very accomplished one. I would seek a person of principle, of good habits, well-trained, and who had associated with well-informed people ; one who rather knew how to teach and how to train, than one who possessed any very eminent talent. I think she should instruct C—— in arithmetic, geography, history, and a course of English literature ; to which I should add, what you will, perhaps, smile at, working and cutting out thoroughly, and visiting the poor. I should have masters for drawing, music, German, and Italian. These will teach their respective arts better than any general teacher can do. But I would have a governess knowing enough of these things thoroughly to superintend the pupil's practice.

“ She should also possess a complete knowledge of the Bible, of the customs and manners of the

Jews, of the geography of Scripture; and of all which, in the perceptive age of childhood, invests Scripture with a tangible and sensible reality. And she should be a person of energy, industry, self-denial, and order, and of truly religious principle. Such a governess, I believe, would be a real blessing; but I do decidedly think it far preferable to have a governess to draw forth the powers in general, and to have masters for excellence in any particular study. My reasons are these:—It is almost impossible to have a person excel in any one talent, say music, without a sacrifice of much time to that individual thing, which consequently assumes an undue importance. A young person ought not to sing like a public performer; but as one who shows in her degree of skill and want of skill that she has given the time needful to cheer the domestic circle, but that she has not sacrificed that which might win public plaudits. You will never have a very highly accomplished teacher who does not inspire her pupil with a false sense of the relation accomplishments bear to the general mental powers and character.

“Secondly. All great excellence in individual pursuit takes much time and labour. Now we have but a certain proportion of strength and energy, and it is far more important that the governess reserve her powers for mental and moral culture and good habits, and that the master who comes in should



give his fresh untired powers to the pupil, who also is helped by the freshness of another.

“This practically is of much more importance than at first appears. In travelling the journey of life, the poor human post-horse must not the moment one stage is ended begin another, but lie by for a season, whilst fresh ones come on.

“Some rules I would enforce. For example, I would never allow time to be wasted on second-rate books. I would not read a great variety, but every author should be a standard one.

“Nothing is a greater waste of time than reading poor books. The best historian, the best poet, the best naturalist, the best scriptural work, the best music, the best drawings, are necessary to form a correct mind and taste.

“Next, always require the mind to be fully given to the subject in hand, and let each thing be done thoroughly. If she read history, let her consult maps, biographical dictionaries, &c., as she goes on. If she learn music, let her thoroughly parse each piece she plays; its mode, its key, its change of keys, how effected, whether by ascending to the subdominant, rising to dominant, or whether to its relative scale, in short, let her know the grammar of her music. If she draw, let her in like manner understand perspective, or if she draw figures, the general anatomy, &c.

In short, whatever she learn let it be really and truly learnt, not built up on high, but dug down deeply. This is much connected with intrinsicness of mental and moral character.

“Thirdly, to give a fixed portion of time without fail to wait upon God in silence, and to pause between the hours of study and those of social refreshment, and never to rush from one to the other, but from every ray again to return to the centre, before a new course is started.

“One more observation. You speak of *tact*, &c. &c. I earnestly wish you to give up all thought of it in your governess. How little can we find all we desire either in ourselves or others, and how much have we to bear, I speak not now of sin, but from the unavoidable deficiencies of both. If we gain the essentials, we shall have, and it is the will of God we *should* have with them, much, very much in which to exercise self-denial. Let us then beware of seeking almost incompatible things. Now I am not sure whether *tact*, &c. be one of the things likely to be found in a good and efficient governess. Let us remember that a teacher should be studious and her converse is with books, her liege lady meanwhile has acquired tact in being conversant, not with books, but with men. The one supposes an isolated, the other a social life. The one supposes at least the early and youthful education to have been secluded

and strict, the other supposes a youth formed by a large admixture of society. Can they co-exist in the same person? Again, the one must learn to think accurately, to discover false from true, to trace a severe and sharp outline of thought; the other learns to amalgamate differences, to hide the angular, to blend and lose the distinct hard outline in a sort of pigeon-necked or rainbow halo of brightness, which, however it may be for social adornment, is yet very opposite to the distinctness of scientific truth.

“Let us remember that every class of society has its own glory. The poor, his physical strength; the middle, the power of mental research; the elevated, the charm of manner, the amalgam which fits them as keystones to solidify the arch of society. Then let us each rejoice in our own, and rejoice in our neighbours’ gifts, but not expect to find all united in one.

“And now one word more, my dear Lady ——. I do grieve you are unwell. How earnestly I wish you would not do too much. Remember what poor little creatures we all are, and let us be content in our littleness. Do not then try to be both spring, wheels, and hands in the household timepiece. You are the mainspring, it is no small thing to keep that in order. You must hold up your hands like Moses, whilst the others fight the battle. Do not attempt to

teach C—— yourself. Keep yourself for the spiritual and moral influence of your household. That which comes in from time to time has more weight than what is constantly in action, and he who comes in as judge will find his judgment weigh more than if he made himself a party.

“It is then far best that you be only mainspring, that you keep much time to yourself, and only direct the governess. How our Father furnishes us bountifully for what we truly have to do, but not lavishly to squander on what He does not require of us. We must then be true economists, not only to be generous, but even to be just, alike in the expenditure of money, of time, of mind, and, perhaps, above all, of actual power and energy. I have often thought that, if you would allow me, I should like to ask you to beware of the temptation of the single-minded, which is by labouring either on a greater variety of objects, or more violently in degree than is required, occasioning the counteraction of debility and prostration of heart, and spirits, and hope. We must copy Joseph, and in the time of plenty (of animal strength as of corn) husband our resources for the reaction which will certainly follow, and which is its necessary antagonist.

“I wish then you may be the temporal head of your house in its double capacity of a little church and a little kingdom; that for this you would wait on

our Lord continually for wisdom and strength; that you would allot and appoint every thing, but that you wholly devoted the execution to others. I think, also, that the governess, except at meal times and the times you should specifically appoint, should consider the school-room as her abode, that you may not beyond measure be tried by *anti-tact*. . . . .

“I have now only to add that, whether you think with me or do not, it would give me most heartfelt pleasure to help you if I could. . . .

“Pray excuse this letter. It has been written in bed with the influenza, but I wish not to delay, and I send it with all its faults on its head. I do wish you could have come with or without C——, as you saw fit, and have stayed for a week if you could have been comfortable. The dining and book-rooms should have been your own till dinner, and we could have talked over these things. . . . I am very tired, and can scarcely hold the pen to add with how much affection and heartfelt esteem,

“I am yours,

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

“Harley Place,

“January 13th and 14th, 1847.”

## CHAP. X.

1847 and 1848.

"The soul that lives ascends frequently and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs ; so do thou lead on thy heart and bring it to the palace of the Great King."

BAXTER.

THE following letter, to a friend with whom at this period of her life she became intimately associated, was written in order to explain what she held to be the respective value of the Catholic and the Protestant principles.

It will be seen that the Roman Catholic Church is here used as the representative of one of these principles exclusively, and that the writer considers both *the Catholic and the Protestant* principles to be essential to the health and prosperity of the Church of Christ.

"January 16th, 1847.

"My dear Miss S——,

"I send you the little book of the venerated Mère Agnes, 'Religieuse parfaite.' It is, as you



will see, a book, like Thomas à Kempis, not to be read through at once, but for occasional meditation. It is one I very much not merely like, but love; for it has been my companion through many a long year, occasionally in bright sunshine, still oftener in sorrow.

“I often wish you were acquainted with some of the Port Royal writings; for though you would pass over very much as tedious, and of little interest beyond its own day; and though not infrequently you would meet that with which you could not conscientiously unite; yet I feel assured there is far more which you could not but highly value. You will not, perhaps, consider me a fair judge. I do frankly own myself to be deeply attached to many Catholic writings; and though I could never join a Church through the corruptions of whose hierarchy the free access to the Scriptures may be interdicted, and where the honour paid to the Saints and to the blessed Virgin is, to use the mildest term, so indiscreet as to approximate to the honour due to God alone; and where the necessary practice of auricular confession transfers the rule of individual conscience from the word and the Spirit, the true ruler of the Church, to the hands of man; though I could by no means unite in submission to such a corrupt dominant hierarchy; I yet own I highly value the largeness and expanse of the doc-

trines of that Church, the ample room and help it affords for the abundant carrying out of every varied Christian leading, whether mystic, contemplative, intellectual, mechanical, or laborious. Yet I am conscious I value it not only for the good I truly think it actually possesses, enhanced, perhaps, by the prestige of its antiquity, and historic and picturesque claim on the taste; but I likewise do so by my affections being drawn forth towards it from early association; nay, I think, more than that, from its having been the channel through which our Lord himself has often sent His blessing when no other was open to me. . . .

“ Yet, while I deeply recognise this debt of personal gratitude, I also feel that my own peculiar circumstances, however they may have awakened the feelings, yet ought not to warp the truth of deliberate judgment on the comparative merits of Catholicism and Protestantism. Each, I believe, has been overrun with many accumulating corruptions, in its course through centuries of this evil world. Each, also, I as fully believe, has likewise at its respective root, a great, an invaluable and impregnable truth. The one is founded on love, on implicit faith, undoubting affiance and adoration. The other, the Protestant phase, becomes necessary, because, since the fall, what comes through the fallible channel of man requires sifting, doubting,

investigating, and testing. Now, I apprehend we live in a state in which these two principles are ever conflicting. Human existence, then, being subject to both these influences, requires, I think, the use of both the Catholic principle of love and faith and the Protestant one of distrust and examination. But the evil is, that instead of combining the two principles, they are dispersed, and thus rend the Church of Christ into two parties. And the worst is, that each party, instead of circumscribing the application of its own principle within its legitimate and proper sphere, disseminates it *à toute outrance*, as an universal panacea, right and left, for every occasion. Thus, the Catholic applies the principle of undoubting faith and implicit obedience, not exclusively to the revelation of God, where alone it can be justly due, but equally to the dogmas and behests of fallible or interested men: whilst the Protestant, on the other hand, submits to the Procrustean measure of his own narrow understanding, not the mere dogmas of his fellow-men; but he too often makes it the test of the truth or credibility of the highest doctrines revealed by God. And while the Catholic, like Milton's Adam and Eve, begins with prostrate adoration; the Protestant begins, like Minerva starting forth at once from the head of Jupiter, armed cap-à-pie, and ready to give battle.

“ Now, it appears to me that both the Catholic and

Protestant principle, combined in the same heart, but restricted each to its proper sphere, are necessary to form a Christian course at once ardent and enlightened; that they are the centripetal and centrifugal forces, one of which urges the soul to rush towards its true centre, while the other compels it to fly off in the pursuit of its own speculation; and that the union of both is necessary to keep the soul in its true orbit. Nevertheless, I own I have more predilection for that principle of loyal love, which urges it on to merge itself in its central sun, than for that principle of self-reliance which tempts us to start off at a tangent, and wander in lonely isolation amidst the wilderness of unexplored thought, or to rush with headlong precipitancy into the wild chaos of conflicting speculation.

“In the ultra and misdirected application of these two principles, each dissevered from the wholesome countercheck of its antagonist, the Protestant might be caricatured as a man setting out on his Zionward journey in a vehicle drawn by wild undisciplined horses, regardless of any conductor, impatient of whip, bit, or bridle; each following his own private judgment of the road most expedient, and the opinions of all being different and conflicting. The Catholic, on the other hand, sets out as one in a vast steam train, smoothly gliding on at high pressure speed on its appointed well

laid grooves. In the first case, how little progress can be expected; in the latter, if the conductors be unfaithful, or the rails ill laid, what a wide and awful ruin does the catastrophe involve! Grapes grow not on thorns; nor figs from the widely disseminated thistle down of free discussion or lightly floating opinions; nor are any but the deceitful apples of Sodom and the poisonous Foxgrape to be found on the lurid shores of the Dead Sea of corrupt and festering dogmas and forms of truth without its power, whose heavy surface is unruffled by the living breath from heaven.

“ Yet these enormous evils in the abuses of two principles when disjoined and misapplied, show, I think, the falsity not of the principles themselves, but of that dis severance and misapplication. And I believe the principle of love and implicit faith, on the one hand, and that of accurate investigation and proof, on the other, are equally and indispensably necessary to the well-being both of the whole Christian Church and of that Church in its least form, the heart of each individual child of God. And both being truly necessary, our Heavenly Father, in love and wisdom, has seen fit to provide an appropriate receptacle for each in the constitution of man, and in the diversity of spirit imparted to the human mind.

“ If we either look inward on ourselves, or out-

ward and abroad on our fellow-men, shall we not equally discover two grand modes of character, which distinguish the minds of the children of men, and separate them into two distinct classes? the principle lying at the root of each, equally pervading the triple life of each, and being equally recognisable in the mind and affections (the main-spring), the intelligences (the communicating medium of soul and body), and the actions (the ultimates) of each class? Do we not see in the one the scrutinising glance, the discriminating understanding, the acute perception, the quick intuitive sense of differences, the keen discrimination of the exact boundary line which distinguishes one thing or one idea from another? In short, do we not see dissevering or analytic principles at work, which note or feel discrepancies or discords? And has not this set of intelligences its root in isolating impulses of self-preservation and circumspection?

“Again, there are others whose organs of comparison and constructiveness are perpetually at work in combination, amalgamation, and blending of things apparently dissimilar, and compacting them into a new and harmonious whole. Their intellect leads to semblances, as the other to dissemblances, to unite instead of to distinguish:—the one class find the point of unison, or at least of harmony; the other, with keen microscopic eye, discern the dif-



ference in things the most apparently alike, and the point of distinction in that which seems most intimately blended. The amalgamating mind is destitute of the beautiful, accurate, sharply-chiselled outline of the other, which is exquisite in clearness, purity, delicacy, and truth. But, then, it possesses a beautiful expanse of broad, yet harmonious and sweetly blending, light and shadow, of coalescing and glowing tints and hues, so harmonised that the eye may rest upon it as on a verdant meadow, whose rich hue forms one tranquil setting to the thousand varied tints of the diverse flowers that adorn it. So, both are passing excellent; the one would destroy every vestige of evil, the other would exercise every latent spark of good; the one would arrange different truths in distinct classification, the other would assimilate and incorporate them into one magnificent and well-organised whole.

“ Now these two modes of character are eminently useful as antagonistic or counteracting forces, both in the cement of the Church and in the relations of friendship or private life. One, the Catholic phase, is the hotbed which urges forth and feeds a rich abundance of beautiful, but also often of prurient vegetation; the other, or Protestant phase, comes with its unsparing pruning-knife, sharp-edged and keen, to cut off the noxious, to prune the redundant, to dissever the superfluous. And both are needful;

for though the first alone fosters and cherishes life, and affords to vitality its actual pabulum; yet that life itself would corrupt in its wild luxuriance, were it not for the reforming knife, which cuts away the matted weeds and choking parasite plants, roots up the poisonous fungi, pares off the wide spreading incrustation of lichen, tears down the compressing ligatures of ivy, and thus again admits the light of the blessed sun and the free circulation of the true air to parts from which it had long been imperviously excluded. So that, though surely the knife, as such, possesses no life-giving power or vitality, but only the destructive one; though, while it may destroy evil, it can never actually create or feed good, for which we need not the pruning-knife, but the hotbed and the stove; yet these could never bring their fruit to perfection, never maintain life, but for the kindly destructive aid of the other.

“What then God has joined, in His word, in His providence, and in His appointments, may we never separate; but, in the feelings of an overflowing and humbled heart, in the thoughts of our understanding, and in the confession of our lips, let us *honour* both, and love both, and bless the mercy of our God for both, and may we be as wise in spiritual as in temporal husbandry, using in combination, and not in opposition, all the tools the great Husbandman has vouchsafed to entrust, and is ready to bless, in the

light of His countenance, and under (not our own wills, but) His paternal eye, &c. &c.

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

The following passages in a letter to the same friend, throw interesting light on the use and abuse of Symbolism.

“I think that Symbolism is useful not merely in explaining truth, but also in enabling us to form an idea of abstract truth, and to disentangle it from the outward form in which it must necessarily be clothed, to be first made visible to the mind.

“For example—how many looked upon our Lord with the eyes of flesh, who did not see beyond His human outward form, really not knowing what they did. Now, would not the type of the Passover, and that of the Lamb daily sacrificed in the Temple, enable even them to understand the soul and truth of the great reality more distinctly? And thus, may not symbols, instead of substituting matter for spirit, be the very means—by presenting one spirit under different forms—of pushing us off from matter into spirit, from the fluctuating form to the permanent essence equally pervading all the forms by which it is symbolised?

“Again, are not symbols especially useful in forming a stock of associations ever ready to act upon

the mind, either through the intellect or through the affections? Had we to recur to the whole chain of evidence by which any truth is proved every time it was needed, and were there no shorter mode of satisfying the judgment or awakening the corresponding affections when required for daily use, how little would ever be done or felt, and how would all life become one protracted debate; but happily, when a truth is once proved, and we have set our seal to the proposition, it abides, henceforth, with the certainty of an axiom, ready for use; and if once received into the heart, its corresponding sentiments as well as ideas, are indelibly associated with its enunciation. I think then, that symbols are signs associated with thoughts or with sentiments, which have originally been discussed and are laid up in the heart or mind for use, and that a symbol is, therefore, a compendious way of bringing the whole upshot of a train of thought or feeling to bear upon a subject without trouble or loss of time.

“For in truth, though types at first derive their power from what they represent, they in process of time enhance the powers of that which is represented.

“Thus, a child learns to value pence, because those ugly pieces buy him playthings, or books, or eatables. The aged miser hugs his gold, for the symbol by long use has enhanced his idea of the

antitype; he sees in the gold the potentiality of houses, railroads, banks, or works of art; so long as he uses it as a symbol, he enjoys in thought the whole, but when expended it dwindles into a selection of one or two of these objects only; and hence the symbol imparted a far wider and more forcible view or cumulative impression of the aggregate which might be classified under it, than any one of the realities alone could do.

“It appears to me then, that symbols enable us to bring home to the mind and heart the combined weight of whole classes of ideas or feelings couched under them, which otherwise would have been weakened by a merely individual and dissevered influence.”

Again, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck writes on the same subject: —

“I wish to speak to thee on symbols. Does it not make all the difference whether they are established as permanent types or as passing illustrations? In the first case, they become so necessarily associated with the antitype as finally to become substitutions. When used transiently, I think that a variety of symbols, all differing from each other, and only uniting in spirit in one particular, serve to convey an abstract principle far more clearly, and

yet more abstractedly, than could be by any one description in words ; since whatever words are used must in truth be at last resolvable into objects of perception as their bases, and then the idea is limited to one type, instead of being the sublimated essence extracted from many. Is not this so as regards the use of types in setting forth ideas? And, again, are they not useful to those who have once received the abstract truth, as a memento and not as a substitution? And is it not as a substitution only that they are dangerous? Are not sensible objects as the money of the intellect, which, being base in itself, becomes yet a standard of value, and a measure between the minds of different men, who, without some material standard, could never explain or make palpable their ideas to each other, nor compare their own? They are that language of things of which the language of words is but a transcript, and without which the latter would never have subsisted ; so that without sensible objects thought would have wanted its most powerful instrument, necessary alike to its accuracy, its transmission, its stereotyping, and to its multiplication."

We add the following extracts as specimens of her more familiar correspondence. The succeeding letter, amongst other things, contains Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's views on the principles which should regulate writers of biography.



“July 5th, 1848.

“It is half-past eleven, the Church bell is just ringing. C—— is gone out to breakfast, and L—— is engaged in preparation for our going to the cottage, for a few days, to-morrow, and I am sitting alone in my usual place to write a few lines to thee. Thou art probably just about parting with O——, and this brief chapter of your life is closed, and a new one about to unfold.

“How solemn parting ever is to the heart, and I may say to the conscience too, for I think that we never part with those we closely love without feeling not only the uncertainty and doubt that hangs over the future, but also the responsibility for the now unalterable past. The soul seems always to hear something not unlike the words ‘that which is unjust must be unjust still; that which is righteous must be righteous still;’ and the contrast of the impossibility of grasping the illusive visions of the future with the indelibility of the now unalterable past weighs at such times heavily on the heart . . . .

“I hope thy visit to the Lakes will give thee pleasure and strength. Do write to me quickly, and if thou canst, fully. We go to the cottage to-morrow, but thou hadst better direct to me here, as I am not likely to stay there many days. In truth I am so unwell that I feel in a sort of perpetual stupor,

and my only wishes really are after communion with God.

“ Thou hast asked me of ‘*la vie extérieure*,’ but I seem as if I had no ‘*vie*,’ either ‘*intérieure*’ or ‘*extérieure*.’ Hast thou ever a feeling of being ill at ease, with illness combined, that makes the heart seem like a hard rock, and you long that it would please God to send some one of His children to touch it that the waters might once more flow? Something of this I have felt lately. My heart has not been open in sweet and really happy communion with our Lord, yet it is an unspeakable comfort that our Lord neither slumbers nor sleeps, and I had rather walk heavily for a season, if need be, than feel less pressure and less sense of His arm. Even when the weight presses, it is a blessing to feel and know ourselves under His loving care.

“ . . . . . I have been looking at the ‘*Romance of the Peerage*.’ The preface is excellently written, and promises much to interest. As for the title of the book, it seems to me a misnomer, and that it ought rather to be ‘*Materials towards Writing a Romance of the Peerage*;’ for any thing more unromantic than all the documentary evidence and details, even of the most romantic facts, cannot well be conceived. As I read it and considered the vast labour and erudition and research brought to bear upon these volumes, I could not but think what a serious

and responsible task is that of an historian or biographic author. Whoever writes of the doings, the actings, the feelings, or thinkings of man, writes that which, more or less vividly, addresses every human heart and mind. Now man learns by sympathy as well as by instruction, by warmth as well as by light.

“How important, then, so to write biography as only to touch sympathies with the upper or good direction of the organisation, and to leave untouched the evil directions. We may write pictorial truth, or we may write mathematical truth. We may make a painting to arouse the feelings, or a plan to give information. We may relate a fact as a Gazette statement, or we may write a soul-kindling poem on the same, like Homer’s *Iliad*. Both are true; the account that shows the naked fact, and that which superadds to the fact the effects of light, of colour, of the feeling stimulated by that fact.

“Now, it seems to me that these two modes of teaching are given to man for very different purposes; the one to impart the necessary information, the other to stimulate the hearts of those receiving it. I think then that a religious or wise historian or biographer should act on this principle, and should both discriminate between the ends he has in view, and the two modes of their attainment. I think, truth and real information should be given; but

when it concerns evil, it should be written like what I have termed the plan-like mode of simply stating facts. When that which is noble, devout, tender, or great is the subject, then I think the writer should put forth his pictorial powers and add colour, and the effects of light and shadow, on the naked outline, and seek to reproduce in indelible lineaments on the heart of the reader the images before him, to bring them, as it were, in the full light of the Sun of righteousness, whose beams may photographise them on the mind and heart of the reader.

“ How beautiful in Scripture is the quick passing over of many atrocities, just recorded in a word ; and then, the exquisitely deep pathos with which the divine or kindly human feelings are traced and made indelible by the finger of God the Holy Ghost in words of light and life. And if such be the example or pattern set in the word of God, how should those who are truly children of God be concerned not only to impart actual knowledge, but in imparting it, to guide the heart and mind to those channels which conduct us to its true and highest uses. The waters, whether of Helicon or of Siloam, should irrigate the deep soil of the heart and make it fruitful. Writers on such subjects, like Solomon’s mariners, should not be content with a freight of apes and peacocks, unless they bring the weighty gold also.”

To the same friend she writes :—

“ You and your dear sister have dwelt so continually and affectionately on my mind since I saw you, that I must write a few lines, though my confused head will not let me say half I feel.

“ I have ever thought it a blessed privilege of the little Church to which I belong, to be called in an especial manner to enter into this season, so full of heart-affecting memorials of the love of our Lord; when those who love Him share the deep sufferings and rich blessings of His cross, and in which we follow Him day by day, and almost hour by hour, from the supper at Bethany to His resurrection. Some of the most happy hours of my life have been spent in our little Chapel, in Passion Week, and how many seasons of strength, refreshment, and sweet remembrance are associated with her morning and evening meditations, and with her Easter Morning services; and though I can no longer attend them, it is delightful to follow them in spirit.

“ And how near have you felt to me! How earnestly have I wished you, after your year of deep sorrow, a yet deeper consolation and strength in following our Lord, and accompanying Him step by step in His course. How I fancied you and your dear sister, in spirit, yesterday, united in enjoying the memorial of the supper at Bethany, gathered

round our Lord in spirit, with His disciples, the types of the whole Church, who shall be one day at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And how shall I think of you on Wednesday, the day of the Pedilavium, the sacramental sign of cleansing and affectionate Christian friendship; on Maundy Thursday, the day of instituting love to each other, and the cup of covenant, as also the communion of His sufferings and death. How heart-affecting is the high priestly prayer, on severing His people from the world, and binding them to each other in Him! How shall I think of you then! And remember me on the great Sabbath. Surely to those near the end of their course, it is indeed sweet to think how our Lord has sanctified our resting-place!

“How precious, I think, are memorial days, both those which belong to our own individual course, and those which consecrate remembrances dear to the whole Christian Church. Those that occur in our own individual path are as milestones in our road, by which we trace the course we have been led, and record the sweet memorial of mercies past, to encourage our hopeless hearts to renewed faith: and in those of the Church, it is delightful to feel the universal Church uniting in one accord of love and praise; so that it has seemed to me that our individual memorials and Church memorials are like a warp and a woof of precious threads crossing each



other, and woven by the Spirit into one beautiful and Divine fabric; and how often do they come laden with rich increase, and with a refreshing heavenly breeze, across our every-day life, to elevate its aspirations, to quicken its torpor, to temper its lightness, or to pour the balm of heavenly consolation on its sorrows.

“November and December are months fraught to me with heaviest recollections; and how often have I felt Christmas-day come as a joyful beam, at once dispelling the cloud. How often, when we cannot rejoice at any merely outward thing, these sacred remembrances seem to make the heart overflow with peace.”

To Miss A. de S—— she writes, on sickness:—

“ . . . . . I was both glad and sorry to see your signature; glad, because I hoped it was a sign of your being better; and sorry, because I am grieved you should have taken the trouble of writing concerning my little books. How very kind of you and your dear sister to think of them; and how kind of Madame de S—— to take so much pains to get them. I gratefully thank you all.

“I do bless God that you are better. Who knows the blessing of health fully, that has never suffered from the want of it? And yet sickness has its blessings too; and, like all the appointments

of our Heavenly Father, it is intended as the sowing time, to issue in a rich harvest of precious fruit. How little should we discover the difference between the temporal benedictions of God, and that love of God which is the source of those blessings, unless we were at times taken from the one and cast upon the other. It is well for the child to feel by experience, that to enjoy communion with his father is better than merely to receive a gift from him; and that oneness of spirit with our Lord is a much higher blessing and proof of love, than any merely temporary good can be without it. How many of those refreshing visits does our Lord pay to His sick children! How often does He draw near their bed, to comfort them with a sense of His loving presence! How many blessed angels invisibly minister to them, and watch over them in tenderest sympathy! And how many blessed spirits encompass us in those hours which seem to our eyes most desolate and lonely! And, my dear Miss de S——, is it not a blessing of illness, and that not a small one, that it is so much a means of drawing forth the love of our relatives?—of giving an evidence of its strength and reality, the sweetness and refreshment of which abides with us for ever? I think that families are so bound together, in a similarity of worldly interests, and those details of life belonging to time, that were no illness *ever* to intervene, there might arise a

danger of their intercourse becoming *too* exterior, too altogether secular. Therefore, I think, our Lord in mercy, from time to time, takes one, by illness or misfortune, out of these pursuits. He calls them to gather round Him, to leave, for a season, Martha's much serving, and, like Mary, to come, as a family, and sit awhile at His feet, that He may renew in sweetness not only their bond to Him, but their bond to each other, that it may become deepened in truth, warmer in love, and more active in heavenly as well as earthly uses; so that when the trial is over, all concerned may see, what at the time they cannot well discern, that 'this illness was for the glory of God;' and, also, for the happiness of man."

On Good Friday 1850, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck made the exertion, which for many past years had proved beyond her strength, to attend the public worship of God. On that day, and for the last time, she joined the services of the Moravian Church in Bristol. Almost at the moment of setting out, she learnt that one, whom in former years she had much loved and honoured, was in dying circumstances. She took a scrap of paper, and hastily wrote the following lines:—

"My very dear and honoured Friend,

"May all the blessings of Him, who at this hour hung upon the cross for us, be with you on

this day. May He give you the full, deep, double blessing of the rich atoning blood and the purifying stream of water. Oh! may He make your bed in your sickness, and as the heavens open to you, may you, like Stephen, see Him in glory at his Father's and your Father's right hand.

“Remember me still before Him.

“Thank you, thank you, for the many blessed hours of sweet communion we have taken together before Him, in the land of our pilgrimage. Oh! may we once rest together in His holy presence, and rejoice before him together!

“My dear and very honoured friend, to Him whom your soul best loves, I commend you. I know His angel encamps around your bed, encamps with a double purpose—to watch over you under the eye of Him whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, and because, even the holy angels, by seeing His works in His living temple, the hearts of His children, learn more of the manifold wisdom and love of God in Christ. And thus both the angel in glory and the disciple in dust are privileged to minister to each other out of the rich abundance that alike replenishes both. Farewell! Pray for me in finishing my pilgrimage, as I give thanks for you on the threshold of His glory.”

Again she writes to an intimate friend,—

“ . . . . . At six I rode out over the Down, and got out to walk in the shade. I felt the soft green turf so pleasant, and the tall grove of firs and their rugged stems just marked by a thread of golden light, the grateful expanse of the shadowing lime and ash over our heads, and then the deep long shadows of evening ever stretching further, and beyond, far away, the blue hills and mountains rich with light, the sea like an expanse of gold. Bright was that sea, telling of the ocean of Eternity beyond the evening shadows of age, bright the hills, like the eternal landmarks of Divine truth ! and oh ! how bright and radiant did the sails appear of those ships which had reached the ocean. How many of them in the morning looked poor, dusky, and tattered, hemmed in between the banks of our muddy river, but once arrived at the ocean, once illuminated by that bright sun, how glorious did they look in His glory !”

## CHAP. XI.

1840—1848.

“Jesus Christ is the corner and foundation stone of the Church, which is the Temple of God. He supports and holds together all the parts, and it is by a lively faith that each subsists in Him, and is united to Him.”

QUESNEL.

FROM early youth the study of architecture was a favourite pursuit of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck.

Forty years before a knowledge of architecture became a fashion, and while pinnacles and sockets, bosses and cusps were words in an unknown tongue, her mind, in most things before the age, had perceived its beauty, and she had diligently sought to make herself acquainted with its principles. She fully appreciated the exquisite perfection of Grecian architecture, but she dwelt with most delight on Gothic, because she saw in it a symbolic utterance of Scriptural truth.

Being one day asked to state her reasons for this preference, she wrote in a few hours the beautiful little “Essay on the Comparative Value of Grecian



and Gothic Architecture," which will be found among ~~of~~ her miscellaneous works.

With Durandus and others, she believed that ecclesiastical buildings were intended not only to afford the means for the performance of religious rites, but likewise in a measure to supply the want of books in an age when printing was unknown; hence the construction of ecclesiastical edifices, both in their general forms and in their particular details, was designed to exhibit a typical or symbolic representation of Divine truth, and consequently to form a continued series of religious instruction to those versed in its silent but eloquent language.

I will make a few extracts from scattered notices of her thoughts on this subject:—

"Not only has St. Jerome left us a record of his meditative walks in the Catacombs of Rome, but the walls of the rocks and caverns, and the rude masonry with which they are fashioned, are rich in Christian symbols. They have, indeed, no value as works of art, for they were produced in the decline of art, and by men probably who did not value the arts as such; but, while the execution is poor, the conception is sublime—telling everywhere of eternal truth; they declare great things in a lisping tongue.

"In every part of these ancient temples and tombs of sepulture, appear the history of Jonah, the type

of the death and resurrection of Christ; the raising of Lazarus, that of Christ's people; of Noah, a type of Christ, the true Refuge; and the Ark, His Church:—

“Also of Pharaoh, and the submerging of his hosts, showing the doom of the wicked; the good Shepherd searching out His sheep, carrying them, feeding them, separating the sheep from the goats:—

“The crucifixion of our Lord; the doves clustering round the cross of Christ, drinking from the Fount of living water:—these, besides multitudes of other designs, are deeply interesting, from affording irrefragable proof that the grand objects of faith in the Church were as they ever have been—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

“Many are the emblems of holy hope; the undying lamp, the wreath of amaranth. Every symbol of the faith chiselled out with a perseverance which overcame the ignorance of untaught artists, and the difficulties of the material, repeating again and again the same leading truths; but, with few exceptions, no vestige remains to indicate whose tombs they adorn.

“The palm branch of martyrdom is indeed suspended on each martyr's tomb, and abundance of symbols to show forth by Whom his soul was sustained in the conflict; but little trace appears to record the name of the faithful—no name, for his ‘life was hid with Christ in God.’ The same

practice of setting forth Divine truth by types and symbols obtained in after ages. Thus —

“*The church*, when cruciform, typifies the cross of Christ. His atonement.

“When not cruciform, a ship, pointing out Christ as the Ark of safety to a perishing world.

“*The nave*, occupied by an ever-fluctuating congregation of the faithful, typifies the Church militant.

“*The choir or chancel*, destined to priests, whose office is continually to praise God, the Church triumphant.

“*The screen* is placed between the nave and the chancel; it represents death, the passage separating the Church militant from the Church triumphant. It is adorned on the side towards the nave because the gate of the heavenly Jerusalem is bright and beautiful to the Christian pilgrim. The screen is never adorned on the chancel side, for the portal once passed, the Christian is too happy in his Father’s house, and too much occupied with the glories there revealed, to desire to look back.

“It is a *screen*, because ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’

“It is a *pierced screen*, because the eye of faith penetrates it and realises unseen things.

“ *The pillars* in the nave typify the apostles, prophets, and holy men who, built on Christ, are placed on His foundation as supports to the Church. ‘ James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars.’

“ *Base of pillars* — Christ; the socket *Adonai*, in which alone each pillar can have its standing.

“ Early English many-shafted *columns* were introduced when all Christendom was hastening to the Holy Wars, and when many vassals were called to support their liege lord, whether temporal or spiritual, and were bound to him by many ties.

“ *The columns*, with one strong central pillar, and many slender shafts united to it from space to space, typified this double temporal and spiritual bond.

“ Both the centre and surrounding shafts were grounded in one *socket*, Christ. All branched out and interlaced in beautiful *capitals*; the union of each little company in the same beautiful works. Each column above branched into three *springers*; for Faith, Hope, and Charity, must result from being grounded in Christ. If rooted in Him, we shall be built up in Him, and be complete in Him. The *springers* always *mount upwards*, for the Christian’s conversation is in heaven. All are bound at their culminations by *orbs*, which are frequently adorned with Scripture history. All meet in Christ, and consider Him and His works.

“ *Flying buttresses* ; the support which the various parts of Divine truth give to each other. They are not founded on earth, but grow out of the fabric itself, and tend to build it up, grace for grace, the heavenly ladder in its upward rounds.

“ *Stained glass* ; the varied colours, the varied lights and graces and gifts of the Spirit. When used in geometrical designs, and not in painting, the colours are often typical : thus,

“ *White*, of glory, perfection, regeneration ; for white contains all colours, as the number eight all numbers, the superabundant number :—

“ *Blue*, heavenly faith, looking upwards ;

“ *Red*, zeal ; it is also the colour of martyrs ;

“ *Violet*, composed of blue and red ; faith, zeal, and suffering ;

“ *Yellow*, glory ; the colour of heavenly light ;

“ *Green*, hope ; ever fresh, budding ;

“ *Black*, deep mourning.

“ *Altar* ; Christ, the true Altar, who sanctifies the gift ; as well as the true victim, alone available with the Father.

“ It is *right-sided*, for a side extends to each quarter of the compass. His merits avail to bring many from the north, the south, the east, the west : right-angled, for four right angles embrace the whole

and complete sphere. It is *of stone*, for it is without flaw, immutable, imperishable.

“ *Candles*. ‘ Christ is the true Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world ;’ where *two* lights, Christ’s divinity and humanity ; the two testaments, the two witnesses. Where *three*, the Holy Trinity ; Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King.

“ *Coronals of light*, suspended from the roof, or in the hands of angels, mark the crowns of light and glory He will give to all who love His appearing.

“ They hang from above, whilst, in a rightly symbolised church, all heraldic ornaments or coats of arms are to be on tombs even with the pavement, or else placed on it as marking that worldly things are to be trampled under foot, or looked down upon by children of God.

“ *Tombs* of course mark the rest of the body in its dust, the wages of sin due to the greatest saint ; the empty temple, once inhabited by the Holy Ghost ; the wardrobe laid by with care till the resurrection morn.

“ *Cusps*, which point downwards, typify the sharp thorns and chastenings of life which mark the Christian’s course ; they are richly floriated ; children, in sport, stick flowers on sharp thorns ; God in mercy makes sharpest chastenings bud into the richest graces ; ‘ We are chastened that we might be partakers of His holiness.’



“ *Pinnacles* mark the upward aspirations of the soul; the *Crocket* its fruitfulness in its course; the *Finial* its blessed fruit in eternity.

“ *Gargoyles* or *Gargouilles*; figures of monsters or demons, outside church towers, &c., and the mouths of which are often formed for spouts to draw off water. They represent the evil spirits hurrying away from the house of God and from the presence of holiness. They typify various sins,—the frog, levity; the dragon, rapacity; the wild beast, cruelty; all of which depart when Christ rules in the heart.

“ *Tabernacles*; abodes for statues of bishops, saints, and holy men, marking that God not only calls each soul from death to life, from Satan to Christ, by a general call of grace common to the whole Catholic church, but that He appoints to each soul its own particular place, its own rank, and its particular position in that rank. As on the façade of a church, some, like warriors, are in the ranks nearest the earth, saints and bishops higher, then apostles, and the spirits of just men made perfect; this is intended to teach, that while we recognise all who have a tabernacle or abiding place in the Church, each can only prove an ornament by keeping in his own place—the faith is catholic, the individual post particular. The image stands on a *pedestal* of stone, for each soul individually stands on Christ, the Rock; each has a *canopy* over it, for the canopy

of Divine love and favour, and the shield of Divine protection, is cast over each soul that is His."

Another favourite subject with Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was Phrenology, especially in connection with that of Temperament. Through life, the knowledge of character indicated by external signs was interesting to her.

When Dr. Spurzheim visited Bristol in 1828, she attended his lectures, and had frequent personal intercourse with him. She yielded her assent to the general principles of his theory,—a belief which subsequent inquiry and observation tended to confirm. But it was her opinion that the science of Phrenology is very incomplete unless combined with the knowledge of temperaments, which, she thought, ever modified phrenological organisation. She was often asked by her young friends to give them hints on the formation of character from their phrenological development; and if a judgment may be formed of Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's accuracy from the frequency of these applications, her success must have been great indeed. She had not unfrequently letters from total strangers entreating an interview, that, from observation of their phrenological organs, she might give them advice in their studies and occupations. Often parents requested her to see their children, and on one occasion she received a letter, written by a young mother, asking leave to

bring her infant of a few weeks' old to be phrenologised !

In reference to an application of this kind from an anonymous pen, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says, in concluding her reply : " May I be allowed to add, that I believe Phrenology either eminently useful or otherwise, according to the principles upon which it is studied. How invaluable is a science imparting self-knowledge, where it leads to a practical sense of the necessity of Divine help ! How useful the knowledge of the working of other minds, if it be made a basis of forbearance and charity ; and how inestimable a testimony does Phrenology bear to Christianity, by pointing out many parts of the cerebral structure which can find their scope only in a Divine revelation ! For what were veneration, without a Supreme Being to venerate ; faith, without an infallible Authority to trust ; conscience, without a Divine standard to appeal to ; ideality, without a future world to be its object ? May I be allowed, in conclusion, to express my best wishes for my correspondent, as for myself, that in Phrenology, as in all other pursuits, we may seek light in Him who is the only true Light — that Centre from which all other truths are but as emanations."

Those around Mrs. SchimmelPenninck sometimes thought that the applications she received professedly on the subject of Phrenology (in which science she

never professed any practical skill) had, not unfrequently, the real object of obtaining an interview with one in many ways so distinguished, and whose kindness and courtesy never failed, however extravagant the requests made to her.

On one occasion, after Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had been engaged in defining and illustrating the temperaments to some young friends, one amongst them wrote down the substance of her conversation in the following summary. It was subsequently shown to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who, after the alteration of a few words, approved it as containing the result of what she had gathered from much thought and observation.

“ There are four temperaments. Choleric and Sanguine, *active* : Phlegmatic and Melancholic, *passive*.

“ Sanguine is characterised by activity ; Choleric by force ; Phlegmatic by inertness ; Melancholic by sensibility. In Sanguine and Choleric, the outline is convex : Phlegmatic and Melancholic outline with concavities.

“ *Sanguine* : convexities united by angles, features salient, complexion pink, hair red and crisped, light of the eye sparkling colour blue ; voice sharp, movements agile and with elasticity ; attitudes, with spring, bird-like, constant in motion.

“ *Choleric* : the muscles strongly defined, com-

plexion bilious, eyes dark, light flashing, nostrils well pronounced, hair black and curled strongly, gestures violent, voice deep and harsh, shaggy eyebrows, the mouth closes determinately, jaw-bone marked forcibly.

“*Phlegmatic*: the body bears a large proportion to the limbs, and the plain of the face to the features; complexion sodden, features snub, not well formed, hair hempen and lank; eye open, dull grey in colour, eyebrows an unmeaning arch, cheeks pendulous, lips thick, without coarse expression, voice uninflected and deep; attitudes without gesticulation, light of the eye tranquil.

“*Melancholic*: features in a concave basis, cheek-bone flat, without muscular constriction; white manifest under the iris of the eye, hair lank, dark in colour; voice unsubstantial, susceptible of modulation, chest falls in, limbs long in proportion to the figure, light of the eye melting, attitudes pensile.

“It is probable that a Sanguine temperament will have much approbation and hope, little circumspection, generally more knowing than reflecting faculties:

“That a Choleric temperament will have combativeness, destructiveness, and self-esteem; little veneration:

“That the Melancholic will be prone to caution and acquisitiveness, generally having ideality or causality, and large adhesiveness.

“ The Phlegmatic will probably exhibit more reflective than knowing faculties, with equable distribution of the organs, without much ideality or comparison.

“ The Sanguine will be an entertaining companion, not deep :

“ The Choleric, a brave champion, not tender :

“ The Melancholic, a warmly attached friend :

“ The Phlegmatic, ballast, rest.

“ It is always desirable there should be an active and passive temperament ; the character is likely to be poor without this union. If there are only the two passive temperaments, the character is without spring, and little able to help itself. If the two active, there is little quiet or rest between the violence of the Choleric and the restlessness of the Sanguine. The finest characters generally possess all four temperaments.

“ In unions, persons will attach themselves to temperaments and organisations which supply the wants of their own.

“ The greatest force of character arises from Phlegmatic and Choleric ; the strongest active and the strongest enduring temperaments. Oliver Cromwell may serve as an example. The mixture of Melancholic and Sanguine produces an elevated and imaginative character, as Fénélon, Fletcher, Lavater.

“ Phlegmatic-Sanguine, frequently not mentally active, fond of bodily exercise.” &c. &c.



It would have been difficult to find a greater intellectual pleasure than listening to Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's conversation, and yet no description can justly convey an idea of the charm with which, unconsciously to herself, it was invested. Her deportment was alike dignified and simple; her countenance betokened strength, delicacy, and high mental culture; and, in the latter years of her life, added to the refinement which was an integral part of her nature, there was an ethereality in its expression, which told of more converse with heaven than earth. Her eyes, of dark hazel, were beautiful, full of sensibility and softened brightness; her finely-chiselled features, her grey hair waving across her noble forehead, her clear, yet pale complexion, all were in harmony. No eye could look upon her countenance without being attracted by so remarkable a blending of majesty and beauty, of intelligence and sweetness; no ear could listen to her voice, without being riveted by its clear, melodious, and flexible tones, until the sense of eloquence was lost in the great and the noble thoughts of which it was the utterance.

With some few, though very rarely amongst women, might be found her almost universal knowledge; fewer still possess the fulness and variety of thought which characterised the flow of her mind in social intercourse; and, rarest of all, would be the entire simplicity and humility which were her crown-

ing ornaments. I will venture to say, not only that her conversation was unlike that of others, but that, as a whole, it was unrivalled. Sometimes heavenly wisdom flowed from her lips; sometimes the sparkling of her wit, her fund of anecdote, her vivid imagination, were the life of all; her speaking countenance, and her musical voice, ever varying with her subject; sometimes it was deepest pathos, sometimes it was merriment itself; while her ringing silvery laugh seemed the very echo of joyousness and glee.

It was in domestic life that Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was best appreciated, and best loved. Pleasant were the days, as they rapidly succeeded each other. From the time of her first consulting Dr. Jephson, she steadily adhered to his rules, and her habit of walking before breakfast was rarely interrupted. Her love of animals formed quite a feature in her daily habits. Like St. Francis, she delighted to attract the little birds, by tempting them with dainty food upon her verandah; and it was a positive pleasure to her to watch their feast. She had a bag made, which was always filled with oats, to regale any stray horse or ass; and she has been seen surrounded by four goats, each standing on its hind legs, with its uplifted front feet resting on her, and all eagerly claiming the salt she had prepared for them. But her great delight was in dogs. She

never forgot those sad hours in childhood, when, unable to mix in the sports of children from illness (perhaps, too, from her want of sympathy in the usual pleasures of that age), the beautiful dogs at Barr were her companions and friends.

It is no figure of speech to say that she had a large acquaintance amongst the dogs at Clifton. She always carried a pocketful of biscuit to feed them; and she had a canine friend, who for years was in the daily habit of waiting at her door to accompany her morning walk, after which he received his little portion of biscuit, and returned to his home. Timid as Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was by nature and by habit, she had no idea of personal fear of animals, and especially of dogs. I have seen her go up without hesitation to some splendid specimen of the race, of which everybody else was afraid, to stroke him, or offer food; when the noble creature, with that fine perception often so remarkably manifested by dogs and children, would look up in her face, and then return her caress, and crouch down at her feet in love and confidence. Her own two beautiful little spaniels were her constant companions in her walks; their happy gambols were always a source of pleasure. So also was every thing in nature, and much of what was going on around her, as the sweet fresh air of the early morning, the lights and shadows on the distant hills, the vessels passing up and down

the Avon. On one such occasion, when speaking of the life of some Christian who wanted joy, she said: "A Christian, and not happy! As years roll on, and the treasures of eternity open more and more to our view, I think God's children should become more and more happy. I am now sixty-eight; I am far happier than I was at twenty; and that, principally, because the Lord has shown me more of Himself." And then she spoke of her home, and continued: "As one gets older, much older, the very love we have towards each other seems to have less that is mortal, more of the seed of eternal life! not that the affections become colder; far from it; but we see more clearly, and recognise more joyfully, that Divine life which unites us in our common Lord." And after a pause: "Not that I should speak of happiness when I think of my melancholic temperament, and the deserts I often have to pass through; but even the sound of the living water, to the traveller in the deserts of Africa, is less sweet than the love of God to the soul."

It was in the year 1843, that her friend and brother-in-law, Dr. Booth, came to reside at Bath, for the benefit of Mrs. Booth's health. This afforded an opportunity for the renewal of intercourse which, in former years, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had much enjoyed. She derived great benefit from his professional skill, which she estimated very highly, and it

was always an occasion of deep interest and feeling, as well as of pleasure, to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, when Dr. Booth brought her sister to spend the day with her at Clifton. The comfort of having these relations so near ceased on their removal to their estate in Yorkshire, in 1849.

I have already had occasion to mention Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's unfailing industry. In the happy and peaceful routine which marked the latter years of her life, this was brought into full exercise.

A marked characteristic of her house was the cheerfulness of her simple meals. She generally, I believe designedly, conversed much at such times; and when not actually oppressed by illness or suffering, she exerted herself to make the assembling together of her family, whether small or large, bright and pleasant.

It is true, as a friend once remarked, she sometimes gave so much food for the mind, that she forgot the needful refreshment of the body; but, nevertheless, these were times of peculiar enjoyment.

It was her habit to read most of the publications of the day—that is to say, when her eyes needed rest, they were read aloud; and this was to her a sort of mental necessity. She had always two or three books, of different kinds, on hand. Many were the pauses, in which the subject presented was discussed, compared, and illustrated from the stores of her own mind,

or her ready pencil, or whatever else could throw light upon it. She was never more genial, nor more happy, than in the entire privacy of evenings thus spent, and it was then that her mental and moral gifts were seen in fullest perfection. She had the keenest appreciation of humour, and great drollery; nothing escaped her playful fancy. One who loved her well often told her that her "merry heart was a continual feast." If in youth her wit might ever have led to satire, though I know not that it did, I will venture to say that no word even approximating to satire was heard from her lips in later life. Were any thing said in her presence which bore unkindly on the absent, she always took their part, and sought to excuse the person, even if she could not but condemn the fault. Nor were her fingers idle in these delightful evenings; she became an excellent knitter, and many were the coverlids and petticoats she made for her friends. In the morning she generally pursued some study. She was fond of arranging the heads of any subject that interested her in a chartular form; and at one period of her life she gave a good deal of time to the formation of such charts. Those she made on Gothic architecture; on the sources and consequent value of the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Holy Scriptures; and on the authority by which the Apocrypha has been received by one party into the canon of Scripture, and refused by another, are



especially valuable and interesting. Drawing plans and maps to illustrate particular places was another of her favourite occupations while listening to reading; and so carefully had she studied the geography of the Holy Land, and so many were the plans and charts on different scales she had drawn of Jerusalem and the Temple, that it has been said, the roses of Damascus, the walls of Jerusalem, and the courts of the Temple were as familiar to her as the gardens and the city near which she dwelt.

## CHAP. XII.

1848—1850.

“A renewed nature is the very image of God, it is a beam from the face of God. The only inherent beauty of the rational soul ; it ennobles man above all nobility, fits him to understand his Maker’s pleasure, do His will, and receive His glory.”

BAXTER.

“Good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows ;  
The author not impair’d, but honour’d more.”

MILTON.

IN the year 1848, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck’s powers of walking, so necessary for the preservation of her health, began to fail ; and two friends, to whom she was very dear, persuaded her to keep a little carriage. They thought that the inducement which a suitable conveyance afforded to be more in the air, could hardly fail to be useful ; while the variety it would give, they also hoped, might, in a degree, refresh her mind, and divert it from its too close habits of study. The use of the carriage proved highly beneficial to her. It was respecting this that she wrote : —

“ June 17th.

“ Since my last letter to you, I have got my little carriage. It is very neat and commodious, and in ‘*la pauvreté évangélique*.’ The only fault I have to find is, that the horse seems too desirous of exercising the right of private judgment as to which road he shall take, and where he shall have his pasture, whenever he sees a new road, or a bit of green grass by the wayside. I hope, however, he will soon be taught to abjure ‘*les nouveautés*,’ and then, I think, he will do very well.”

But these happy days were often clouded by illness; if that can justly be called a cloud which was lighted up by Divine consolations. She never lost the lesson she had learnt in childhood from her mother to bear pain—shall I say like a Spartan, or a Christian? Certain it is, that to those who knew her sensitive constitution, it was marvellous to see how she endured bodily suffering: great prostration of strength was, perhaps, harder to bear, and both were familiar to her. The word of God was her stay at such times. She would, perhaps, have the 34th Psalm, or the 103rd, or the 121st, or the last verses of the 5th of Ephesians, read over and over again to her. She listened with sustained delight to those passages which declare the close union between Christ and His Church: her spirit

was like that of a happy, confiding child, in the arms of its father.

Her thoughts on Scripture, conversational remarks, and sayings in illness, often seemed very remarkable to those who heard them. Some were written down, if not at the moment they were spoken, yet soon afterwards, and while fresh in the mind of the writer.

In an illness which she had, in the year 1850, she one day said to a friend who was with her: "What dost thou think of that servant who wills not to receive his wages?" "Who can that be?" was the reply. "'The wages of sin is death,'" she answered, "'but the gift of God is eternal life.' I will tell thee the depth of my mind. I don't often speak of these things; but to-day it will be a relief to me. Now death, and the pain, sickness, and sorrow, which lead to it, are so trying to my nature, that I shrink even from the thought of them; yet they are my wages and my inheritance. I am now more than seventy-three, and I have passed a long life without receiving these things as I ought. Last year it was first brought in clearness to my mind, that death and suffering should not only be submissively borne as coming from God, but received as the necessary consequence of sin, the wages we have earned, our just due; and oh! I do deeply wish to receive them as such, not shrinking from one or the other, but, as it were, meeting the Lord half way in the willing-

ness of my heart ; knowing that He is strong, though I am weak ; and that grace can conquer nature. I have long known that His gift is eternal life. I am now first learning the Hebrew Psalms by heart. I am a beginner also in the great school of receiving suffering."

After a night of great pain, she said, " I have suffered much pain lately, and so have others I love ; and I have thought much of suffering. When the children of Israel were taken to Babylon ; though it was the finest city in the world, fifteen miles across, adorned with its hanging gardens, its palaces, its temple of Belus, its orchards, its walks, and filled with luxury and all that could attract the eye or please the taste ; yet they hanged their harps upon the willows, and could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. But we find, that when in the fiery furnace the three children were walking in the midst of the flame, and the fourth, like unto the Son of God, was with them, then they sang a song of rejoicing, which has been preserved for the instruction of the Church in all ages. Thus it is with us. Our Lord was made perfect through suffering ; it tracked His every footstep. As with the master, so with the servant. He forewarns us that tribulation is the path to His kingdom : the experience of His children confirms the same. Let us not faint, then, nor be weary. He walks with us, as with the holy

children in the furnace; we will join them in their song of thanksgiving."

At another time she said,—

"What a type is our daily food of high and precious truth! We cannot subsist but by the sacrifice of animal or vegetable life; neither can the soul subsist, in blessing, but likewise by the sacrifice of life. Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us; and as, to sustain our bodies in health, we must have recourse to the food our Heavenly Father has provided; so our souls, to be in health, must, no less, be constantly fed and nourished by the food which is from heaven."

The question was asked, if persons of strong affections, which, above all other things, form the tie which binds them to earth, should endeavour to love less; Mrs. SchimmelPenninck answered: "While we love in Christ, we cannot love too much. Now, by loving in Christ, I mean this; all earthly ties are formed by the providence of God. He has made us what we are, and what we can be to each other, and this in the triple life of body, soul, and spirit. We should therefore, in the first place, take such bond from His hand; we should receive it as His gift; hold it from His bounty; cultivate it as a talent He lends us, and in the daily cross, which all human ties are sure to bring, no less than in the



daily sweetness, we should remember that the *earthly* part will one day die away, while in the heavenly is the germ of what will grow up into everlasting life. In every child of God, we should see the ideal of what he will be when he shall be set free from sin, infirmity, and this body of death. It is, too, a part of wisdom to see what our Lord means us to be towards any human being. There are notes of accord, and notes of discord, in every relation; we must not expect to be all, nor to receive all, to or from any human creature. God alone can fill and satisfy that heart which He has formed. Besides, strong affections are a talent, and they should be used as such."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck remarked to a friend, who was reading to her in the book of Numbers, chap. vii.—

"In casually reading this chapter, it may appear a mere useless repetition, but if we enter into its spirit, I think it conveys much instruction.

"We have here the detail of the offering to God made by the princes of every tribe of Israel. None are left out; all offer the same; typically showing us, that all the Israel of God have the same requirements, the same needs, the same sins, the same remedy. Thus the meat-offering typified Christ's body and flesh; the sin-offering, His atonement for the iniquities of His people; the offering of incense, the prayer and praise ever ascending to God's throne;

the burnt-offering, in which there was nothing left, nothing withheld, the full and unreserved devotedness with which the children of God should give themselves to their Father; the peace-offering, that communion with Christ, and with our brethren, which is the fruit of reconciliation, and which our Lord in His person ordained, when He took the bread and said, ‘Take, eat, this is my body; this do, in remembrance of me.’”

“One other truth,” she continued, “this teaches to my mind; it shows me the value of a Litany for public worship. Do we not see here the unity of the wants and the offerings of God’s people? So let us speak to God, in the assembly of the Church, from generation to generation; one song of praise ascending to His throne, one hope of pardon, one form of prayer.”

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“Jehovah is called ‘the Rock of Ages.’ This figure is greatly more expressive and beautiful, when applied to Eastern countries, than we generally imagine. In the East, the rock was delightful to the weary traveller, alike for its shade and its shelter from the heat. In it were formed vast caverns, which sometimes contained magazines of food, and, at others, were places of refuge. In the

fissures of the rock, the wild bees, so abundant in Palestine, often stored their honey. From the rock, also, sprang those joyful streams which fertilised the desert, and cheered those who dwelt there. Thus, when the inspired prophet says, ‘Jehovah is the Rock of Ages,’ he points out Jesus Christ, for the attributes and character ascribed to one belong to both, as the foundation of strength, the giver of security, the feeder of the soul, the source of living water, the shadow from the *heat* — which may well represent the strife and turmoil of the world, and the giver of all sweetness.”

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Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was one day giving a lesson in Natural History. An observation was made upon the wonderful variety of the works of God. “Yes,” she answered, “I have learnt much of catholicity from Natural History. When I see the immense variety of creatures in which God has placed life,—from man, created after His own image, to the *vermes* and *reptilia*, whose life seems akin to the rock or the weed where they may be found, I see a spiritual truth; for the God of Nature is also the God of Grace—and there is a perfect analogy in all His works. Should not the vast variety in nature teach us to look for a like variety in grace? And,

I believe, that each soul on whom the Sun of righteousness has truly risen, no matter how poor or despised, how little or uninstructed, in the eyes of men, has Christ, who is his life, as truly dwelling within him, as his brother, who may be the first, the greatest, or the most gifted amongst his fellows."

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"Simplicity is truth, and truth ever commends itself. It is as a point to which the mental eye is directed, and where it finds repose; and to which, as a centre, all lines in the character converge—just as in the detail of Gothic architecture. For, in all excellence, we need variety with unity; the right-angled lines of Grecian architecture, running parallel with the earth and rising directly from it, may please the taste; but how much more beautiful is the altitude of the Gothic, with its never-wearying points of beauty, each growing from the other, and all combining unity of principle and variety of detail."

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During the blowing of the wind one very stormy night, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said, "The same word is used in Hebrew to express both the *spirit* and the *wind*. How beautiful a type! Sometimes

the gentle breathing of the air, though sweet and healing, is scarcely perceptible amid the hurry of life ; so is the still small voice of God's Spirit on the soul. Sometimes the wind comes with noise and tumult, carrying all before it, as in those providences of God at which even the world pauses. And may not our comfort and security amid the war of elements this night, under this comfortable roof, shadow forth to us the safety, the rest, the security of those who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them ; and who, by union with Christ, are safe, and will be so when this earth itself shall pass away ? ”

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“ How wonderful a quality,” she said, on another occasion, “ is faith : and, as I think each of the three lives in man has a conscience, so does it appear to me each has a faith peculiar to its own nature. One reason, I believe, why I so much enjoy looking at ships is, because a ship sailing on the wide waves is such a type and exhibition of faith. What faith in the intellectual life had Columbus when he set out to seek a new continent ! how apt an emblem of that exercise of faith in the spiritual life which, resting on the word of another, goes boldly on through the

waves of time, seeking another, even a heavenly country."

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A friend having read by her desire the 17th Psalm, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck slowly repeated the last verse, "I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." "Now, this expression," she said, "has, doubtless, a primary signification in the awakening at the resurrection, when the children of God shall see Him as He is; but I think it also refers to that lively sense of spiritual realities, that awaking, as it were, to Divine truth, by which we are sometimes able to see into the unseen. Thus, Jacob in his vision, although the angels were around him, ascending and descending, and his resting-place was sanctified by the presence of the Lord God Himself, yet knew it not till he *awoke*: 'Surely, the Lord God is in this place, and I knew it not.' In our Lord's words to Nathanael we are told, that 'Hereafter we shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.' The day will doubtless come," she continued, "when this glorious sight shall be fully revealed to us. But now, even now, there is a deep meaning in these words. Every dispensation of God, every stroke of His providence



or grace, every event, great or little, each domestic incident which casts a shadow over our household, or gladdens it with sunshine, each and all are angels of God, messengers from Him, to speak some little word to our souls. But, see they ascend and descend upon Christ: He, the daysman betwixt God and us, receives these messengers, and then hands them to His people, tempered with that Divine sympathy which the experience of our nature (however great the mystery) has rendered perfect."

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On one occasion, when Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was reading "Thomas à Kempis," she came to the passage in the second book, "Quit this miserable world," &c. She said, she "thought there was a sense in which Roman Catholics are mistaken in its application. They forget the triple order, in which God created man, making him of body, soul, and spirit; the true secret of which order is, to let the animal be in subjection to the spiritual. It is pride which leads us to imagine that man can annihilate any part of God's creation. So long as we are in the body, though we must not be slaves to the body, we must be subject to its laws, which are no less divinely ordained, than those of spirit. True devotion to Christ consists, not in doing extraordi-

nary things, but in walking before Him in an ordinary path, with extraordinary singleness of heart. The caterpillar must not conceive itself a butterfly, because the day will come when it shall leave its inferior state; neither is it the will of God that man should think he can be all spirit, till he has quitted the body and is before the throne of his Father. In paradise, the triple order of man had place; by his fall, the subjection of the inferior part was upturned, and hence his subsequent misery."

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Religious society happened to be the subject of conversation, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck expressed regret that so many religious persons neglected the cultivation of their minds; that they did not, for example, seek knowledge concerning the works of God in nature as a profitable ground for mutual intercourse, and one by which the devoted and instructed Christian might hope to draw others to spiritual truth. "As in a wheel," she said, "there is but one centre, though many spokes leading to it, so in grace, the heart filled with God's love might go from the circumference to the centre, and seek to lead others, by some one of the many paths that point to it." She continued: "but I think more good is to be done by the silent, holy influence which

imperceptibly surrounds that individual who lives much with God, and which, like unction, falls silently, but surely, on those around, than by all the mere talking in the world. But to taste of this blessedness, to realise this grace, we must daily have far more communion with the Lord of Glory, than with the dearest and best beloved of earthly friends. We can only give as we receive. As perfume, however precious, soon exhales, so the most gifted amongst us must continually replenish his vessel with light, and life, and love from above, or his words will be without flavour, and without vitality. Some good people make a parenthesis in their religion, while they give a party or receive worldly people, and expect to resume it, as a garment, when the occasion has passed; but such is not the will of Christ. ‘Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.’”

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“How blessed,” she said, on another occasion, “how great a mercy, that our salvation is altogether out of ourselves; that it is begun, continued, and ended in *Christ*, complete in Him.”

Cheering and sustaining though it was to hear such thoughts as these, uttered in pain, oppression, and weakness; it was yet more so to trace her grow-

ing conformity to the mind of Christ. "What a lesson," writes at this time one constantly with her, "are her acts of self-denial; her thought and consideration for others; her humility and love!"

## CHAP. XIII.

1850—1853.

“The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those, whose faces we shall behold no more, appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre.”

ROBERT HALL.

“I look to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,

The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth;

I long to talk, with grateful tongue, of storms and perils past,

And praise the Mighty Pilot that hath steer'd us through the rapids.”

TUPPER.

IN the year 1850 Mrs. SchimmelPenninck lost her early friend, Mrs. Catherine Gurney. The outward course of their lives had, for many years, been widely separated; but the old affection was still warm in the hearts of both. In a former year she had written to her friend:—

“It was, indeed, a heartfelt pleasure to receive thy kind and welcome letter. How strange, and yet how sweet it was, after the lapse of so many intervening years, and so long and varied a web of chequered light and shade, weal and woe, again to see that well-known handwriting, which once I so

dearly looked to as the solace of my daily life; and which vividly brought before me its varied remembrances of joy and of discipline, in the accomplishment of the purpose for which our Father was pleased, in the early part of our lives, so much to place us together.

“Perhaps, too, it was the more vividly felt because I have been, at this very time (about my seventy-first birthday), calling to mind my past life, and I love to think, not only of that goodness and mercy which I believe often invited us in years that are passed, but also of that which has followed each of us in our separate paths with guidance, with discipline, and with forgiveness; that, by learning of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, we might, indeed, find rest unto our souls.

“How striking, how heart-affecting, and yet how consolatory it is, at the close of a long life, to look back upon the course of God’s dealings with us, and to recognise, in a manner, the end wrought out through the varied stages of our earthly pilgrimage; what each friendship, each trial, each pursuit was intended to accomplish; what strength each refreshment by the way gave us, and how far it was used to His glory; what wisdom was imparted by each discipline, and whether His message of love and mercy had been kept in our minds and pondered in our hearts; and what fruit it bore to life eternal.



How encouraging, and yet how humiliating, is the review; humiliating, that we needed such reiterated chastisements, so much discipline, from the hand and heart of Him who is love; and yet encouraging, since that very discipline shows that He will never leave us nor forsake us, but that this God is our God, that He who *has* been, *will* be our guide, even unto death, or rather through the passage of death to life eternal.

“In this review of the past I have strongly felt how much, as instruments in His hands, I truly owe to you. With you, I think, my heart was first opened to the happy social feeling of human friendship; and the consequences of being with you were used as the means of concentrating my scattered and fluctuating wishes after the truth, though not then knowing where and how it might be found.

“How much, in every thing that is of earth, do we, as creatures of time and sense, feel and see its temporal bearings and its temporal influences; and how much, too, do we feel its attendant evils and imperfections. But, as time proceeds, we see that the temporal part floats away down the stream of time, and that the eternal good abides, to be laid up as an everlasting treasure. That the evils which accompany every human thing, and which especially do so at an early period of ignorance and inexperience, mark not that the thing itself is evil, but that it

should be wisely pruned; that the plant no more grovel in the dust, but be trained on the Tree of Life to grow upward.

“No new fire can be kindled without sending forth so much smoke, that we are apt to think the evil greater than the good; till some wise attendant come, who, instead of putting out the fire, brings the bellows to give it more of the breath of life, and more fuel (like more truth) to feed upon, and stirs it well with reiterated blows to let the air, the breath of life, penetrate the very heart of the mass. And so, at last, this smoky little fire, which scarcely emitted a solitary spark of light, becomes a clear, steadfast, glowing flame, warming and enlightening all who draw near. Just so it is, I think, with the affections of early youth. Have patience, commit them to our Lord’s discipline, and according to the strength of the fire, if it be trained as a servant, not as a master, will be the light and heat given forth.

“And how happy is it, my dear Catherine, in every passing event of life, not only to have our spiritual eyes opened to secure the germ for eternity, but also, in every friendship, and every social tie, to look, if we may so speak, through the present human state of being, to the angelic spirit training within; and that we may be so favoured in all our ties, as mutually to help each other, and thus, in the present inert chrysalis, to look to the future winged

being, who is to burst from the fettering envelope, and soar in the glad sunbeams of light and life.

“Such, my ever dear and early friend, have been amongst my thoughts lately, as the dear and deep remembrances of Earlham, as it then was, rose before my mind, with all the happy intercourse, and with all the sharp discipline, that belonged to that phase of my life.

“When I look back, I feel I owe you much, very much; but yet more do I feel,—how can words express what I owe to Him, who made it so much, both in sweetness and bitterness, and whose unfailing love and wisdom had a rich blessing to communicate alike through both.

“And now, my dear Catherine, that we, who have so often stood together hand in hand, and taken counsel together, heart to heart, in the beginning of our course, when as yet we knew not His voice who called us; now that we stand, as it were, on the verge of this mortal life, what can I wish for thee, but what I wish for myself, and what the Church wishes for us all at the commencement of the ecclesiastical year: that our dear and faithful Lord may give us grace to cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which His Son, our Saviour, came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day we may rise to life immortal, through

Him who is our Redeemer, our High Priest, our King, our peace in this life, and our chief joy in that which is to come, and which is to us how near!

“And now I must tell thee of my call on thy niece, Rachel Cresswell. I received thy letter in the evening. I went next day. She looked better than I expected; and spoke very much of her dear little girl. Surely with her deep sorrow there is yet a deeper root of consolation and joy; and it will grow more and more. I hope on Wednesday to see her again. How much she puts me in mind of her dear mother. How like her! And yet how different!

“I hope we may frequently see her whilst she is here. How glad should I be to be enabled in any degree to cheer or comfort one connected with those whom I must ever remember with true affection, as my earliest friends, and round whom centre memories of so much that is dear, and so much that has been fraught with deep heart's experience.

“Why hast thou not told me more of thyself? I wish I knew more of thy life. What are the flowers of truth thy heart refreshes itself with; what thy favourite books?—if thou canst walk out; if natural scenery is as sweet to thee as it used to be, when yet thou didst not half as well know Him of whose truth and glory it spoke in living types? Art thou as fond of water (an excellent type), and of salt

(another equally good), as thou used to be? Thy favourite potatoes I do not so clearly see what to make of. I will not *ask* thee to write, for I know full well that at our age the grasshopper is often a heavy burden. I will only say, that thy remembrance is fresh and dear to me, and that there is no particular about thyself which would not be very interesting, if thou art inclined to tell it me.

“And now, my dear Catherine, farewell. May our Lord bless thee, and be with thee, and may He be ever near to commune with us, and teach us in age as He invited us in youth. May He make us to lie down in green pastures, and lead us beside still waters. May He be with us in the valley of the shadow of death, and may His rod and His staff then support us. Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and, oh! what remains for us to desire, but that we may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

“Thy affectionate friend,

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

The first intimation of Mrs. Catherine Gurney's illness was communicated to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck by a letter from Mrs. Cresswell. The intelligence caused her much emotion. She immediately wrote:—

“ May 28th, 1850.

“ My very dear Catherine,

“ It was only last night that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me, and through the haze of long past years the tints almost seemed more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

“ My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when together we entered the pilgrimage of human responsible life. And now that road is travelled, which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly, as well as heavenly, treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with His own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome for us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

“ My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter future. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or ante-room, or sat



in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search's, or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, and can know, nothing of the centre of all truth, if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God, who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness, shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of His truth, and light, and love, in the face of Jesus Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank Him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then He illuminated that darkness, and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust Him, and oh! how has He repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

“We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

“Has not our Lord led us through all the steps

of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh! shall we not end in joyful thanksgiving; and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that His gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance! . . . . .

“ . . . . . My dear Catherine, how love divine and human, are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through Him with our fellow-men, most and closest with Him, next closest to that part of His Church with which He has seen fit to link us, in His providence, as helpers. And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so it is eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, He loved to the end; and those who love in Him, love unto the end likewise; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in Him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity, we shall neither fully know what we are to our Lord Himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect His purposes. For all the seed of the kingdom has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots, through all our life; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice from whose lips we

first heard it, sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of, and how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends; yea, and to all our enemies too; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

“And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May He repay thee an hundredfold. May He write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to His mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it; and may both the sweetness, and the discipline, be of the all things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell! May our Lord ever hear thy prayer; and may He enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for his dear Son’s sake, when we call upon Him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds; for He has said, ‘Peace, be still,’ to the billows that once conflicted there; and, instead of the enemy (the self-tormentor, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a

sacrifice of righteousness, for He has provided it. He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts, more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food; our wine, His cordial and faithful promises, and the communion of His life-giving blood; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of Him we love and shows them to us.

“O, my dear Catherine, let us in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, ‘I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.’ ‘As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.’

“The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come! Let every one that heareth answer, Come! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore Thee: with longing hearts we now are waiting for Thee. Come soon; O come!

“My very dear friend, farewell. Bear me on thy heart and spirit, as I do thee. Ever, in true and deep affection,

“Thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

Lady Buxton wrote to Mrs. SchimmelPenninck,

“ June 25th.

“ My very dear Cousin,

“ Being at Lowestoff, I did not get your note till a day or two since, and I have been too much engaged to write. Our precious beloved sister is walking gently through the valley, and is spared much conflict of body and (she says) of soul, ‘ without a cloud,’ resting in the hollow of His hand. She can speak but little now. But on Saturday her mouth was opened to declare the great things God had done for her in Christ Jesus, her ‘ sole dependence,’ ‘ her only hope,’ and much more to this effect, inexpressibly to our consolation. She says she thinks never before did she so earnestly wish to depart and be with Christ; but she would not be impatient; she desires to wait His time. This time, we all think, will very soon come; it may be hours or days. To His holy keeping we commit her, where she is for ever in the everlasting covenant. It is a comfort to me to be with her, and very cheering to see the blessedness of faith in Christ. How I wish to rejoice in our many beloved ones gone before, and now ready to welcome this dearest sister.”  
&c. &c.

Mrs. Catherine Gurney departed on the evening of the 26th of June, a few hours after this letter

was written. It is sweet to think of those early friends now again together, their sorrow and conflict passed away, and tasting of those good things which "God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck generally left home for a few weeks during the summer; but she did so with reluctance, and returned to it with delight. In June, 1851, it was proposed that she should go to Malvern; and as she hoped that a member of her family, who had been ill, might receive benefit from hydropathy, the journey was determined on, but the fatigue and effort proved too much for Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, who was ill and suffering almost all the time she was there. She wrote of this visit to Mrs. Smith:—

"Time was that I loved to sit down and pour out to you all the varied images that crossed my mind, my spirit, or my conscience; but now the times are with us two changed. The fervour of the day has become the cool of late evening; the lengthening shadows fall long and wide across the closing landscape; the colouring once so bright sinks into one uniform mass of grey; the magic mirror of the mind itself is dull; yet we still discover those eternal landmarks which from childhood even to hoary age have stood immoveably before us — the hope, the anchor, and the refuge of our souls.

"Oh! how bright did they once appear to us when,



by the unmerited and free mercy of God, we for the first time beheld, lit up by the bright morning sun of youth, Mount Zion in all its impregnabilities, Calvary rich in its double flood of spiritual and pardoning mercies. How our hearts seemed to respond to the utterance, ‘Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion.’ And how in the noonday of our course, still they seemed to stand before us not only as the glorious and beautiful objects of the hope and salvation of our souls, but as the focus in which centred our favourite mental pursuits and researches.

“How delightful has it often been to us, both in the solitude of our closets (if that be solitude where our dear Lord communes with us), or often together, to try to walk about Zion in the best manner we could. We tried to tell her towers of strength, her doctrines of truth; we tried to mark her bulwarks, and to consider her beautiful palaces; and, oh! how very beautiful did they then appear, when our minds and eyes were able to see the strength of every buttress, the beauty of each light-tipped pinnacle, and the grace of every ornament.

“Long has it been our desire to be servants of the Lord, whose privilege it is not only to bless Him in the *day*; but who by *night* also shall stand in the house of the Lord, and still lift up their hands and bless Him. And if the evening twilight deepen, and

darkness fall around, and shadows encompass all that was once so beautiful and so vivid on earth, let us remember that it is at the very moment when the earthly prospects fade into darkness, that the celestial orbs above rise upon the sight, first dim, then brighter and brighter, till each shines in his own intense and vivid glow of imparted light, a type of the blessed above shining in the light of their Lord. Then, indeed, does the heart mount up through the symbol to think, and dwell, and repose on the anti-type; and heart and hand are lifted up, and mouth is opened to bless and praise the Lord, the Deliverer, the Giver of life. And oh! how blessed does everlasting life appear as we feel the body bending to the dust, in which it must soon lie down till it be raised in the image of her Lord.

“My very dear friend, I only intended to have written a few lines, and see how I have gone on. I think I have just been going through the same experience as yourself, only you have been carried through it in a very thankful, and I in a very unbelieving spirit. You have been Mr. Great-heart, and I Miss Much-afraid and Mr. Ready-to-halt.

“I will now tell you of ‘*la vie extérieure*.’ I can scarcely say how very painful this journey has been to me. Every step was fraught with remembrances of the numberless times I had travelled this road, and walked about these hills in my childhood

with my father and my dearest mother; nor was the place forgotten where I sat down to eat the grapes and apricots with which my dear grandfather accompanied our passing visit of leave-taking at Dudson on our way. Then, after that, the times I went with my husband on our way home, after Barr was no more to us, and my father and mother occupied the place of my kind grandfather, and Dudson was become a large house instead of a modest and most comfortable home suited to a Christian though rich merchant. Then the times I had travelled part of the road to Leamington, after my grandfather, my father, my mother, and my husband were gone. Thus I felt (if feeling can be compared to thinking) as I suppose Sir Christopher Wren did when he dug for the foundation of St. Paul's, and found but a mound of cemeteries and sepulchres, one below the other; the English, the Norman, the Danish, the Saxon, the Roman, the British—one city of the dead. I have no doubt but that I felt this chiefly because I was at Great Malvern, instead of Malvern Wells, with which I have no such associations. It was, however, indispensable to be at Great Malvern, because of Dr. Gully, and C——'s discipline. I asked after all my old acquaintances, but twenty years seemed to have left none but myself and Lady Wilmot.

“ This is, indeed, my last journey. I am fully

convinced that at my age the best place is home, or somewhere within a morning's drive; and when, added to that, I cannot travel by railroad, and post-horses are difficult to be obtained, the inconvenience and weight are far too great for those with me to encounter. I have never but once repented that I did not accept your kind offer of the cottage, yet, in so doing, my motive was the benefit I hoped for C——; and the most painful part of the whole has been the pain and weight I have occasioned to both C—— and L——. I cannot describe the kindness of both. Every thing that care, and exertion, and self-denial would enable them to do, they did. God has mercifully brought us back. Do write to me as soon as ever you can, and tell me all about yourself. What a comfort it is to have an old friend. I love my young friends, but the feelings of youth and age are essentially different, and it is a great comfort to pour out all we think and feel to those who listen, not out of kindness, but because they have experienced the same.

“Yours most affectionately,

“M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.”

The anticipation here expressed, that this would prove her last journey, was realised. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck never again attempted going to a distance from home, though she still derived pleasure

and benefit from an occasional visit to a friend's house, or, what suited her fragile state still better, the change which was obtained by engaging a house in the country, though still in her own immediate neighbourhood, where she could remove for a few weeks with the members of her family around her. Such a one was found two summers afterwards at Henbury. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck thus writes on her first arrival there:—

“Thou hast been, I need not say, continually on my mind since we parted, and I am glad many words are not wanted, for I feel in that sort of stripped state, that I have only the feeling left without thought or words to express it. How trying it always is to me to be in a new place! Perhaps nothing brings home to us, in a more humbling way, the conviction how poor we are, than to feel how our interior life seems interrupted by the new objects around us, and how we are affected by the multitude of little annoyances.

“I had felt this not only for myself, but for thee, before thy most welcome letters came; but before I tell thee more, I will try to speak of the things about us, that thou mayest fancy us here. The house is a parsonage, very pleasant, with many rooms and odd staircases. The front communicates by a cool green trellis covered way, about thirty feet long

and ten broad to the entrance, which opens on the Westbury road. This covered way leads into a pleasant small hall fitted up as a library, and forming altogether a delightful shady walk. The library and all the windows of our sitting and bed-rooms open on a beautiful and secluded garden, the lawn green and peaceful, sprinkled with flowers and flower-beds enough to look bright without disturbing the repose. The hall opens by French windows on the garden, beyond which is a rich field slightly rising, and immediately enclosed by the Blaise Castle woods, of which we have the key. A more beautiful, contemplative, yet cheerful view, I cannot imagine. The drawing-room is a duodecimo edition of Mrs. Butterworth's; there is a stone path and verandah all round it, full of greenhouse plants. On the other side are the hall and dining-room. The bed-rooms are most pleasant. C——'s is over the hall, mine over the dining-room, and through mine is a delightful little study and sitting-room. We have three spare bed-rooms, besides servants' rooms. This is a most complete place. When I see how beautiful it is, how convenient in every respect, with the pleasant greenhouse, and nice stable and coach-house, I every day wish that you had it instead of ourselves, for I do think thy father could not but like it. Moreover, there is a good doctor a mile off, and there is Henbury Church close at hand, and many kind friends



within a few minutes' walk. This truly is a little paradise.

“ Its associations and remembrances are, however, the source of its deep interest to me. The house has belonged to a long succession of good persons; some, eminently devoted ones; others, perhaps, less distinguished; yet most above the usual average of religious professors. This house belonged, some eighty years since, to a Mr. Fisher, a friend of William Law's; and, like him, spiritual, and, perhaps, mystical. He was the means of the conversion of Mrs. D——, and of John Helton, of whom I have often spoken to thee as the Evangelist of the H—— family. Every room here, and every foot of ground, has been for a century a place of prayer; altars on which thanksgiving and intercession rose as a continual incense. Then M. H. was often wont to meditate here; then Mr. and Mrs. G——, whom I remember as children. He became the clergyman of Henbury; and, after a holy life of many years in this house, they too are since departed, and gone to the Church above. I deeply feel being in this house. It is full of heart-affecting remembrances. I feel the weight of being so different from those who have always dwelt here. We had before coming a very great many annoyances connected with ——; and then came upon me the sense of the contrast between my own

unbelief and desolation, and the strong faith, the deep peace, and the living hope of those who inhabited this place. Here I felt angels had encamped; and oh! how fervently did I beseech our Lord not to leave me, nor to leave thee in thy affliction, but to be more to us than thousands of earthly friends or bright circumstances; and I felt a full confidence that after He has proved and disciplined us as we need, He will return not only in real but in sensible blessing. . . . . Mrs. Butterworth has been two evenings to see us, to take tea and read; and Lady Eardley Wilmot passed yesterday with us. Mr. D——, in his ninety-second year, most kindly called on me yesterday, and brought a large nugget of gold he had just received from Australia. Pray for me, for a clear tranquil reflection of the light of God's countenance, if it be His will."

During Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's stay at Henbury, among other pleasant and interesting occupations, she was engaged in completing a little work which had often occupied her thoughts, but which at this time seemed as a Divinely directed preparation for the mortal and most painful illness which was not far off. She frequently thanked God that her attention had been thus called to the "Voices of the Cross to the Hearts of the Disciples." This was the title she gave her little book. At first she drew a few of the most striking ancient forms in which the

cross was represented, and wrote down, at the request of a dear young friend, the ideas these drawings suggested; but they soon increased in number, as in interest, till at last they amounted to more than forty. It were hard to say whether the execution of these beautiful designs, or the utterance of their voices, afforded Mrs. SchimmelPenninck most pleasure. Some of the thoughts which chiefly dwelt on her mind on the subject of bearing the cross, she thus expressed in conversation:—

“ Our Lord bids us take up our cross *daily*. ‘ If any man will come after Me,’ says He, ‘ let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me.’ And in the parallel passage in St. Luke, we are told that the followers of Christ must deny themselves, and bear the cross *daily*. Now, we know that the words of Christ are not a mere manner of speech; but they have a tangible, practical meaning. In this case, they convey an actual fact; not one jot or tittle can fail. Now, then, what is this fact? That every one of the children of God must take up and bear his *daily* cross. Why is this? God’s tender mercies are over all His works. He does not delight in human suffering; it is contrary to His nature of love; and, therefore, the *daily* cross can be no arbitrary effect of the will of God. But, man is a fallen creature; his whole being is in a state of contrariety to God. His intellect is unable to apprehend the

things of God; his affections love them not, but grovel in the earth, whilst his will is averse to the obedience which God claims. A limb that is dislocated must be made straight before it can work; the process is painful and difficult, but it must be accomplished ere the man be made whole. Man, too, is out of harmony, not only in his relation to God, but with all around him. It follows, as a consequence, that this contrariety, in the very nature of things, brings a *daily* cross. Opposition to one's wishes and will is the very essence of the cross. While, therefore, man—in his triple nature of body, soul, and spirit—has his centre in self, and is opposed to God, this state of things must bring trial, and pain, and suffering. Man may 'kick against the pricks;' but by so doing, he will only make his sufferings the keener. The measure of our alienation from God is thus the measure of our cross; for when we are in perfect accord with the will of God the cross ceases. The cross is thus the mirror of the soul, by which we see our true state. Our merciful Lord stands by, as it were, ready to help in the misery we have brought upon ourselves. Nor is this all. Our Lord says, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone:' universally, death comes before resurrection; sickness, pain, sorrow, are all stepping-stones to the death of the body; we go on to death; we rise in newness of life: so

must the natural man die before he can rise in the image of Christ. The Cross is the great instrument by which this is effected ; it leads us to see that earth has not wherewith to satisfy the immortal soul ; and then, by God's grace, we turn for help where help is to be found. ' They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.' This *daily dying* is well called a crucifixion ; it is slow and lingering, and ends only when we put off the body. But, blessed be God, in proportion as the work goes on, we are planted in the likeness of His resurrection. Before the gardener can plant the good seed which is to yield flowers and fruit, he not only digs the ground, but clears it of rubbish ; so does the Heavenly Husbandman. He takes away and pulls down that He may build up. The desolateness of the natural heart is the soil, when its true state is brought home to the soul, and old things are passing away, but all things are not yet become new, where seeds are planted by God, that will spring up and bear fruit, even here, in the resurrection life."

## CHAP. XIV.

1853—1855.

“Rich in love  
And sweet humanity, he was himself beloved.”

“Such a stream  
Is human life, and so the spirit fares  
In the best quiet to her course allowed;  
And such is mine — save only for a hope  
That my particular current soon shall reach  
The unfathomable gulf where all is still.”

WORDSWORTH.

MRS. SCHIMMELPENNINCK had, through life, felt very strongly on the subjects of war and capital punishments, and she steadily maintained the principles which she thought so honourably distinguished the Society of Friends concerning it. She writes to a dear young friend: —

“The subjects you mention are now before the consideration of Parliament. Those of capital punishments and war have from my ninth year been subjects of deep interest to me, and very many have been my friends, both in and out of the Legislature, who have taken a deep and active part in them. Oh!



that England rolled away these millstones of reproach from her shores; that we truly so felt the value of a human soul as never to take upon ourselves the awful responsibility of terminating the period of its probation; that we were Christians, indeed; and that we did of a truth feel that all punishment should be securative and reformative, but never vindictive, and that all legislation should place before its subjects hope even more strongly than fear, as God works on us. What is all reformation but the awakening of love in the unloving heart, and carrying its sap from the heart's root into the remotest ramifications of the buds and blossoms of the life? Now love alone awakens love. Let us, when we meet the hateful and the hating, instead of scourging them, examine our own hearts. Have we manifested enough of love? Has the furnace been sufficiently heated to burn up that which is combustible; to separate the dross; to bid the good metal melt and flow together? Have the rays from the Sun of righteousness been made so to converge on the adamant as to bid its hard impenetrable surface glow and burn with heavenly fire?

“I have ever valued in the Society of Friends, the combination of their heavenly principles and their business-like knowledge of the actual facts of life, by which means principles are brought to bear upon realities, not evaporated in romantic af-

fections or unfeasible schemes, but truly working out their heavenly course through the medium of wise regulation, education, and discipline. And though we cannot give the rain from heaven, we may thus dig the pools which are to receive and retain it, and make them ready against its fall. Your anecdote of our Queen was truly interesting. May God abundantly bless her, and cause every seed of life to germinate within her heart; and may her subjects, for whose sake she toils so much in temporal things, abundantly remember her before the throne of grace in spiritual ones! How often ought subjects, or people, or children, instead of blaming kings, masters, or parents, to ask themselves if they have continually and earnestly borne them on their hearts in prayer. How much better are others to us than we deserve, in every relation of life, when we consider how very little we pray for them; with how little deep affection and sympathy we remember and enter into their peculiar trials, much less feel them and lay them before God as though they were our own; so fulfilling the law of Christ, the law of love, by truly bearing each other's burdens."

The friend to whom the above letter was addressed was keenly interested in the pursuit of art. It was in reference to a musical composition sent by her that Mrs. SchimmelPenninck says:—

"I have not told you half the pleasure for which

I am indebted to you in the music. I cannot well say how our enjoyment of it grows. Is it not because the spirit is satisfied with its truth, and variety of Scriptural expression; and are not the mind and heart often dissatisfied, even with beautiful works of art on sacred subjects, because the composer, while, perhaps, a giant in his art, was yet but an ignorant and untaught babe in the high and holy truths to which he undertook to impart form and utterance? And as tautology in words is wearisome, and as we need that every additional sentence, while developing the same subject, should yet present not a mere repetition, but an actual variety, so I apprehend that every work of the fine arts should abound in variety and in richness of truthful feeling. Now this is the reason why I think this composition so beautiful; because, in its anthems of Divine praise, every part has its voice appropriate to the Scriptural account of its peculiar intelligence or order of the celestial hierarchy.

“How beautiful and solemn is the beginning, where all the heavenly intelligences in deep reverence open the voice of praise to Him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, and then sink into reverent and silent adoration before the Lord of all. Then how beautiful the voice of the single seraph (*the Burner*), glowing like an ardent flame; and soon joined by others, by the angels and archangels,

who wait in His presence, and know His glory, and strength, and honour, from everlasting to everlasting. Then comes the softened ‘Amen’ from the seraphim, who veil their faces in His presence. The music gives you a sensible perception of their looking down, and hushing even the voice of praise before His sovereign and eternal majesty and Godhead. Then again come the voices, of the swift-winged seraph, that hastens to do His will; and of the angels, strong in power. Then the chorus of all the heavenly hosts, multitudes upon multitudes innumerable; and, lastly, the voice of redeemed man, of the spirits of the blest above,—still a voice of praise, but minor and subdued, as if recollecting the price of suffering at which they were purchased; whilst their brethren in the flesh also join in the minor key, for they yet carry with them the burden of this body of sin and death. Then, at last, when the joyful sight of that Redeemer, at whose feet they are now landed, overcomes all, and the sorrowful minor, with sorrow and sighing, is for ever cast away, the whole host of heaven and earth ends with one acclamation of universal praise!”

“How false,” she says again to the same friend, “is the common notion that the sphere of poetry is fiction rather than truth! To give life to dead matter, to give fertility and exuberant increase and vitality to truth, this is the highest and truest object

of music and poetry : ” or, as she elsewhere expresses the same thought, “ Truly artistic talent to those who know their calling is an honourable, most honourable one. It is even the gift of making the material speak to man of the spiritual world. He is, indeed, the true, the Divine alchemist, who can turn the inert lead of matter into the precious gold of spiritual truth, the fine gold of the sanctuary. He imparts to that which was a poor dumb refuse, a mere *caput mortuum*, the living spirit, and breathes into the silent form the breath of the living soul. Thus does the architect form the stones of his temple into living bread, the musician convert the vibration of wind into anthems of praise, and the painter weave colours, extracted from the hidden recesses of the dark mineral world, into the magic emblems of celestial love, and light, and peace.”

To those who have read Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's writings, it is needless to say that she delighted in the fine arts. Her cultivated taste appreciated beauty, whether exhibited in music, poetry, or painting ; and on nothing was her genius more stamped than on some of her artistic conceptions. We are told that “ the truth of genuine expression is almost universally felt ; ” and this, perhaps, may explain the uncommon power of many of her drawings, perhaps sketches of half a dozen lines, but which threw light upon a whole character. It was not, however, the

power of her pencil, nor her use of it, that was most striking to a looker-on ; it was the evident fact that art, as all else, was valued by her just in proportion as it was capable of being made to minister to Divine truth. There were no " parentheses " in her religion. She did not think she could serve God one hour, and the world the next. The love of God mingled in every pursuit and interest, and in all she did or thought ; it was her closest companion, all the day long, and enabled her to rest her head upon its pillow, in quiet confidence, at night.

Those to whom is given the high but perilous gift of genius may be appreciated by a few, but they have been ever misunderstood by the many ; and Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was no exception to this rule. If, of those who knew her slightly, some were captivated, those who knew her well loved her devotedly ; not because she was without faults, but for a greatness, a true nobility, which was manifested as much in the little incidents of daily life, as in its most important events ; for the tenderness and sensibility of her nature, perhaps from her dependence on those around her, perhaps from the independence of mind and character which made her a tower of strength when strength was needed, and the helper of all those who could not help themselves. Her servants grew grey in her service ; and there was not one amongst them who did not feel the



highest pleasure and delight in serving her or ministering to her comfort. She was eminently and in all senses unworldly, too much so to please the world, whether secular or religious. How well I remember, on one occasion, when Clifton happened to be particularly full, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck chanced to be walking on the green before her house, in the gayest hour of the day. Several persons of rank and fashion were present, and endeavoured to catch her attention. Amongst the crowd was the son of a poor and humble artist, whom she slightly knew ; but he drew back, not expecting to be noticed. I can never forget the young man's countenance when she walked forward and held out her hand to him. The action, trifling though it was, told of a sympathy, a consideration, which spoke volumes.

Worldly things formed no part of her happiness ; it may have been that she had learnt from her mother to despise them, but certain it is, that neither the applause of men, nor rank, nor wealth, nor the things that wealth can procure, nor any such objects, were ever with her a motive of action.

Happy, and engaged in her pursuits, she forgot the existence of those things which many of us are vainly toiling after. If this character of mind sometimes led to undue singularity, or what appeared unnecessary deviation from the opinions and habits of the world around her ; it likewise enabled her to

break through many worldly trammels, and harmonised with the simplicity which her taste approved, and which so remarkably characterised and adorned her home and all belonging to her.

Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was a very rapid writer. Composition continued to occupy many an hour, long after she had ceased to think of publication. She had always written from a necessity, as it were, of pouring forth the abundance and riches of her mind; never to acquire a name, or gain the applause of men, to which, through life, she was singularly indifferent.

In a remarkable degree, too, was she willing to bestow her mental riches on all who asked for them, without a thought of the value of the gift. Many a manuscript did she in this manner adorn and enrich with the graces of her mind, which was forgotten as soon as done.

She was a deep and laborious student of the Holy Scriptures. It was not her habit to read commentaries, however excellent, though she always sought their help when occasion required. She believed that the Divine word is its own best interpreter; and, accordingly, she most zealously sought for every parallel passage that could by possibility throw light on the subject which engaged her. Of this her papers give abundant evidence; for amongst them there are literally sheets upon sheets of classified passages, showing how systematically and laboriously

she had consulted the Scriptures, at different periods, and for many different objects. In the latter years of her life, when her health failed and she was unable to rise early, every morning as soon as the light dawned her books were brought to her, and what she called her "spiritual breakfast" was as necessary to her as her daily bread. Striking was it to see, upon the bed of one beyond the three score and ten years allotted to man, the books which formed her spiritual repast. All either tended to elucidate God's word, or were of a strictly devotional character, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, her favourite Port Royalists, mingled together; and so desirous was she to dig deeply in the inexhaustible mine of the Bible, that she would often ponder on a single passage, or even a single verse, for days together. She knew much of the Hebrew Psalter by heart; and it was her delight and solace to repeat it, especially in wakeful hours of the night. Never, I think, can those who heard her exquisite voice, chanting forth in full cadence the praises of God, in the original Hebrew, especially in her last illness, cease to remember it. At the period of which I am writing, she saw very little company. It had been her custom, in former years, to invite literary friends, and others whose conversation she particularly valued, to a late breakfast. The brilliant play of thought and fancy often called forth on these occa-

sions, will cause these conversational breakfasts to be long remembered. They afforded to herself the nearest approach she ever enjoyed to the social and intellectual intercourse which had abounded in the home of her youth. This custom she continued, even to a late period of her life ; but, latterly, such engagements, when made, were often unavoidably postponed, from her inability to meet the exertion. From time to time, she invited her more intimate friends to stay at her house ; where such guests formed, in truth, but an enlargement of the family circle, sharing its happiness and privileges, as well as its restrictions. If the limited degree of intercourse with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck which her habits allowed, was sometimes felt by her visitors a little hard, it soon became apparent that the complete rest she needed for many hours daily, rendered this arrangement a necessity. Other friends were with her frequently in the morning, and these generally came by appointment, for she had so little "sensorial power," that it was only by previously saving her strength that she was able to meet the fatigue of conversation. These she saw separately ; partly from the natural shyness and timidity which never left her, and yet more, because she felt that by so doing these interviews would best answer the ends of usefulness she had in view. By this I would not be understood to mean that at such times

her conversation was necessarily of a religious character, she believed that she was doing God's work if she could cheer a sorrowful heart, or listen to the detail of sorrows which were often outpoured to her.

When her strength was equal to the effort, she would also occasionally invite some two or three intimate friends in the evening. After a repast as cheerful as it was simple, she would bring forth out of the treasures of her mind "things old and new:" perhaps to throw light on a passage of Scripture, perhaps to convey knowledge respecting the Holy Land; or to give a lively criticism on some new book, or the results of some favourite study. Nor was it she alone who spoke on these occasions. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck had in a peculiar degree the gift of drawing forth whatever was best in the minds of others; so that each contributed his share. Such an evening rarely closed without assembling round the organ to ask a blessing, perhaps, on some dear and absent friend; but oftener still, to unite in the praises of God, in the words and music of her dear Moravian hymns, or in the noble compositions of Palestrina or Haydn. Happy evenings! Some there are, who never look for the same enjoyment again on earth; and sweet and comforting to them is the thought that she, who was their sun and centre, is now one of the glorious company of happy spirits, mingling

in yet more blessed harmony, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, giving glory, and honour, and thanksgiving, and praise unto God, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

And now I draw towards the close; for there is little to detail before the mention of her last illness. Will it be said that this sketch is without shadows; and that I only dwell on gifts and graces, without the mention of faults? I can only reply, that such has not been my design. For I know that truth has more power, as well as more beauty, than fiction; and that the only way of doing justice to my subject is to represent Mrs. SchimmelPenninck (were that possible) exactly as she was. Doubtless, she had the faults incident to her natural temperament; and no less surely she bore the burden, as we all do, of whatever had been mistaken in her education. But I am quite sure that these faults were condemned by herself more severely than they could have been by her severest censor; that her sins against God were mourned over, and repented of, in dust and ashes; as those towards her friends or associates were always followed by the readiest and fullest acknowledgment of error. How often have I seen her, with tears in her eyes, hold out her hand and ask pardon for a hasty word, or some such trifle, of a servant perhaps, or of others, her inferiors in age, in



mind, and in excellence. Would it be seemly, that such errors should be recorded here?

The state of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's health had long prevented her from enjoying the privilege of uniting in the public services of her Church. She deeply felt this privation, but the want of it was, in various ways, in some measure supplied. She always, on Sundays, read the Moravian Liturgy with one of her family, and, seated at her organ, she would afterwards pour forth her heart in the praises of God. During these years of seclusion, it was her constant practice to "sit in silence," with one or more of her friends, not only in order to speak to God, but to hear what God would speak to them. By these little meetings she continued to cherish the silent worship she had first learnt among Friends, and in which she found a rich blessing to the end of her life. But her seasons of highest enjoyment were when she received the Holy Communion from the minister of her Church. On these occasions some two or three of her friends, of one spirit with herself, would unite with her, and it often seemed as if the Great Head of the Church were indeed present among them. Especially did she value these little meetings, when her friend and pastor, the Rev. James La Trobe, was with her. His faithfulness as a minister was deeply valued by her, and her

lively piety and remarkable spirit of humility no doubt had endeared her to him.

Not very long before her death, illness in her family, and other circumstances beyond control, threw her, in a peculiar manner, under the influence of Roman Catholics. It will be readily believed how eagerly they seized the opportunity of bringing before her all that was best and most attractive in their Church. In former years, Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) and Mrs. Weld, Lady Bedingfeld, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other more or less gifted and zealous members of that Church, left no effort untried to draw her into their communion. They failed; for she was then in the full vigour and strength of mature life. Now, though her intellect had lost nothing of its beauty and brightness, seventy-seven years had told alike upon her mental and physical powers; and the Roman Catholics, who now gathered round her, succeeded, for a time, in seriously disturbing her mind.

Those who have been brought up in different circumstances can hardly comprehend how Mrs. SchimmelPenninck felt towards Roman Catholics. Members of that Church had been her mother's friends, they were intimately associated with her childhood and with many happy hours. When surrounded by infidelity, Roman Catholics had first

held up to her the cross of Christ; and there was much in the prestige of that Church, in its boasted width, in its assumption of being the only representative on earth of the unity which Christ desired for His followers, in its religious application of the fine arts, in the many devoted saints who had adorned it, and in the depth and holiness of many of its books of devotion, which was exactly suited to interest her mind and feelings. There was also another cause which, in estimating the Roman Catholic Church, led her generous mind, as it has led many others, to do it more than justice, and this was the injustice of many around her. How little "ultra Protestants" know the injury they do the cause they desire to serve, by assertions not always capable of proof, and by indiscriminate censure of every thing which is in any way associated with the name of Roman Catholic.

Contrary to the usual wise policy of Rome, the Roman Catholics at this time around Mrs. SchimmelPenninck urged her to go faster and further than she was prepared to do; and it was apparent to those who best knew her, that their constant pressure was more than she could bear; that, in reality, she was under a bondage which prevented the free and unrestrained exercise of her mind, and will, and conscience.

That freedom, which is the inalienable right of every soul whom God has created, and for the use of which every soul must render an account, was sought and obtained; and at once Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's relief was like that of a bird which has escaped from the snare of the fowler. Those nearest her did not presume — indeed, they would not have dared—to take the responsibility of interference between a soul and God. When the personal influence of Roman Catholics was removed from her, the subject of Romanism was scarcely adverted to; she was but left in quiet recollectedness to the guidance of that Spirit whom she was ready to follow whithersoever He might lead. Time—a few months—passed; prayer, not that she might be kept from Romanism, but that she might be led into all truth, was offered and abundantly answered. Step by step, a complete change passed over her mind; and it became her full, firm, and final conviction that the system of the Church of Rome was fraught with danger and evil. From that time she had little or no intercourse with Roman Catholics, excepting that during the last few days of her life she sent messages and tokens of kind remembrance to some among them. She expressed, over and over again, her deep thankfulness that she had escaped the snare and the attraction which this Church had presented to her. In the early part of her last illness she thus writes

to a friend who had spoken to her of the happiness of being in the Church of Rome, and who had urged her to join it: —

“My mind has undergone a real change on the subject of Roman Catholics. I see in their hierarchy, in their spirit of persecution, in their worldliness, and, above all, in their constant recurrence to external rule and force instead of the living internal principle, that which appears to me almost like blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, and to which I could not subject myself without denying what is the very deepest principle of my soul; namely, the living communion of God, the Father of spirits, with every soul He has created. These things, now and for ever, will prevent my joining the Roman Catholic Church; but I do hold myself a faithful and earnest member of that true Catholic Church founded on Scripture and set forth in the Three Creeds, in the last of which it is declared that ‘This’ (the teaching therein set forth) ‘is the Catholic faith.’ It was so received by the Universal Church, and for centuries was acceded to as such by the Church of which you are a member, which, in so far as she has added to her requirements, has ceased to be Catholic; and this is my deep conviction.

“I do not hesitate to say, that God has led and taught me; for I am sure man has not: and the result is, my final and irrevocable resolve to remain

where I am. I have been brought very near the end of all things here, and very near the things of eternity. Do you not think I would cheerfully follow wherever the will of God led me? I have never cared much for public opinion; it is now less than nothing to me. But I must follow the will of God, and the dictates of my conscience; and they tell me to stand still. ‘I know in whom I have believed;’ and amidst the trials, the fluctuations, the sufferings of this severe illness, my soul has found, and does find, perfect rest and peace in Christ.”

On another occasion, she called two of her intimate friends to her bedside, and, amongst other expressions, used the following. They were written down by one of those friends at the time. “I have been led to look nearer to that Church (of Rome); and in so doing, I find that there is in it a real heresy, namely, the practical denial of the work of the Holy Spirit. And that this is shown in their system of acting upon its members like a mould, to fashion them from without; not as in the process of crystallization, when the true elements in their true proportions being present, the true form is the spontaneous result. I also find that I cannot, in conscience, agree to making essential as matters of faith, any of those things not expressly contained in the Word of God; though some may be lawfully held, by minds to which they are suited, as developments of revealed truth.”



She then said, that God's providence had sent her various things to throw light on the subject, and to aid her in her perplexity. Amongst them were certain historical works, which showed the working of that Church on a large scale in different ages and countries, and under various circumstances; and she had seen, in each and all, the same features of worldly policy, ambition, and the spirit of persecution, as belonging to it.

Enough has been said to show how unambiguously clear and decided her views upon this momentous subject became before her death; and how deep her thankfulness to have been preserved from the Church of Rome.

Such was the trial which, in age and weakness, assailed Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. The opposing results of a long life seemed, for a time, to clash in doubtful conflict:—early associations, and cherished habits of thought, in favour of Roman Catholics, with a deep grounding in foundation truth; a reverence for antiquity, with an abhorrence of worldly and crooked policy; a love of symbolic representation, with an entire dependence on the teaching of the Spirit. But, who can tell how great the interests which hung upon the issue; or with what deep humility we should thank God for a victory, beyond the calculations of human wisdom!

It only remains to add, that during her last days

on earth, and when, as we shall see, she spoke, and thought, and lived, as one about to appear in the presence of God, she left it a solemn charge, to one she loved and trusted, to make these, her final convictions, known, not only to her minister, but as widely as possible. This injunction was repeated several times, with much solemnity and earnestness.

## CHAP. XV.

1856.

“I am glad and even leap for joy that the time is come in which that mighty Jehovah, whose majesty in my search of nature I have admired, whose goodness I have adored, whom by faith I have desired and panted after, will now show Himself to me face to face.”

“This is that joy which was procured by sorrow, that crown which was obtained by the Cross.”

BAXTER.

IN the early part of the year 1856, that particular form of illness appeared, which terminated Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's life eight months afterwards. It had long been evident that her physical powers were slowly, though surely, declining. The severe pain in her side, from which she constantly suffered, rendered movement very painful to her, so that her walks were entirely given up; and, her drives, which once she had so much enjoyed, ceased to be a refreshment. The nature of the illness rendered it one of very peculiar trial and suffering; and, when it first came upon her, it is probable that she underwent a severe, though secret conflict, as at that time she

often spoke of her want of submission to God's will.

During Passion Week, a full tide of spiritual blessings set in upon her soul. It was at this time, she said, that she had been going through the deepest sense of sin she had ever experienced, which had been brought home to her by her slowness of heart with regard to suffering. It was true that, from the beginning of her illness, she had sought to humble herself under the hand of God, and to get from Him patience and the benefits of His chastening; but then she had not seen the special blessing and intention of suffering, which is to open the heart to a sense and knowledge of what our Saviour suffered for us, and to lead into communion with Him in His sufferings for sin. She had been unable to see this before because of the hardness of her heart, and this had been a continual oppression and grief to her. But God had shown her something between sleeping and waking, which had comforted her. She had "thought of suffering as of a mountain, the first slopes of which were adorned with fruits and flowers of a humble kind; and these were what she had first been led to seek, patience, resignation of the will, and humbling one's self under the hand of God. Then somewhat higher grew forest trees, strong and stately, of fortitude, endurance, and courage. Higher still it was bleak and bare, and

covered with snow; but then the icicles reflected the beams of the sun, and were radiant with the varied colours of the rainbow, showing forth His light, His beauty, and all His glorious perfections. So God had showed her that there were different grades to be attained in suffering, from the first attempt to discipline and humble self, to the coming quite out of self and losing the thought of self altogether in the love and in the life of Christ, and especially in the thought of all He has done for us."

It will have been seen by the reader of these pages, that her mind had long been led in a peculiar manner to consider the subject of trial and discipline from the hand of God. Henceforth, the blessing of those whom the Lord chastens, and of His Almighty help to sustain under chastisement, went hand in hand with her, as it were, to the close.

On the 24th of March, Mrs. Smith drove over from Stoke, to see her dear friend. She sat some time by her bedside, but her hopeful nature did not see this illness in the same serious light that it appeared to others. She came down stairs looking so animated and well, that one who was present could hardly believe she was so nearly approaching her eightieth year. She spoke with joy and delight of her interview with Mrs. SchimmelPenninck. The writer of these lines walked with Mrs. Smith to her

carriage, which waited at the door ; her last emphatic words, still speaking of her beloved friend, were:—  
“ Yes, she is in the keeping of her dear Lord, the great High Priest ; He will preserve her unto the end.” The friends never met again on this side of Eternity. That very night Mrs. Smith was taken ill, and ten days afterwards she departed to the Saviour whom she had so long served and loved. During this brief illness she was not able to say much, but her life’s course was a blessed testimony to the faith which she professed. Few lived and died more honoured or more loved.

It would be difficult to describe Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck’s feelings, when told of the death of her dear friend, of her “ more than sister,” as she called her, “ for forty-three years.” Nothing could be more pathetic than her grief. She knew that her friend was ready for the summons ; she had the fullest conviction that their separation was but for a little while ; but, nevertheless, this stroke awoke all the anguish of natural feeling. Peace was, however, ere long restored ; she herself said on the evening of the day on which we had witnessed her anguish, “ that the storm was past, and that she felt such a sense of the presence of God, that peace was all around her, and Jesus filled her heart ;” and, reverting to her departed friend, she said, “ they were pleasant to each other in



their lives, and in death they should not be long divided."

On the 7th of April she spoke again of Mrs. Smith's death; and she described her feelings during the time of suspense, when she had not dared to ask whether she were gone. "She had seen the patriarch Job, as in vision," she said, "always before her, sitting in unutterable grief, and his words were always the same, 'The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD;' and then she had found comfort in the thought that no Christian can ever be put to such a trial of faith, for to those who are in Christ God gives; but from them He never takes any thing away. Let us hold fast," she continued, "that which is eternal in His gifts to us, that which is indestructible in them;" and then she added, that it had been shown her that God is the God of all consolation, and that no sorrow could be so deep or so unreachable by man, but that His consolation could go deeper still. Being asked afterwards, in the midst of great bodily distress, whether she enjoyed some little thing she was taking, "Yes," she said, "I try to enjoy every thing:—we ought to enjoy:—we have God, and enjoyment is our element."

After this bereavement, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mind returned with fresh fervour to the subject of

Passion Week. The hymn of her Church, "O Head so full of bruises," \* and some others of the

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1.

O Head so full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,  
'Midst other sore abuses  
Mock'd with a crown of thorn !  
O head ere now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death now bow'd and wounded !  
Saluted be by me.

2.

O Lord, what Thee tormented,  
Was my sin's heavy load ;  
I had the debt augmented  
Which Thou didst pay in blood :  
Here am I, blushing sinner,  
On whom wrath ought to light ;  
O thou, my health's beginner !  
Let Thy grace cheer my sight.

3.

I give Thee thanks unfeigned,  
O Jesus, Friend in need !  
For what Thy soul sustained  
When Thou for me didst bleed !  
Grant me to lean unshaken  
On Thy fidelity,  
Until I hence am taken,  
Thy glorious face to see.

4.

Lord, grant me Thy protection,  
Remind me of Thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath :  
Ah then, though I be dying,  
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,  
I shall (on Thee relying)  
Eternal life obtain.

same character, were the medium of her soul's near and deep communion with Christ: "I see that 'Head,'" she exclaimed, "always before me, and those eyes so full of compassion, yet of such holiness. Oh! that blessed, blessed Saviour! O Lord!" she continued, "open Thou our eyes, that we may see Thy suffering love for us. To dwell in that heart of love, that is our home, and to have our own poor miserable self quite taken out of the way, and to become nothing,—nothing,—to have Thee grind the self in us all to nothing."

She afterwards adverted to the thought and feeling of the humiliating circumstances in human suffering from which she formerly shrank so exceedingly, and which she never liked to dwell upon, even in the sufferings of our Lord; but now she said they were the very comfort of her soul. "He was spit upon," she repeated more than once, as if to reconcile herself to what was so trying to her nature in the circumstances of extreme illness. "We follow," she said, "not words but a bruised head." "I do not wish," she continued, "to be occupied with the high and speculative parts of religion; it is better for us to be as very little poor people, occupied with little things (as they may appear to others) which show our Saviour's love."

"I do find the Gospel," she said, "all I want; the full and entire satisfaction of it unfolds more and more as it is needed." One present said to

her, "Is it the forgiveness of the Gospel, or the grace and eternal life of the Gospel, which chiefly comes to thy mind?" She answered, with a glowing countenance, "It is the grace and the eternal life." Afterwards she said, "Oh! what a fountain was opened on Calvary! How the streams which flow from it bless the whole world, and reach even to me!"

*April 11th.*—"Seek the Rock of Ages," she said to those around her; "seek Him while you have health and strength. Do not delay. There will come a time when your feet would fail altogether, if not standing in His strength. What would become of me now, had I the way to seek, and were I not strengthened to stand on this blessed Rock?"

When in great pain, she exclaimed: "We should bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth;" and then she repeated the 148th Psalm, in Hebrew; then the 8th; and, pausing a little, she added, "How poor and miserable a creature I am, that I cannot welcome suffering *with both my hands*; for it is my Father's will, and therefore full of mercy."

Afterwards she said, "Oh! what self-love I have; but our Lord has given it many blows in this illness, and I hope He will give a great many more;—and He will, for He is faithful. To feel ourselves, as we are, *nothing, nothing*, and to see

our Lord, as He is, *every thing* ;—that overflows the heart with joy.”

She asked for the hymn, “ With deep devotion.”\*  
“ Yes,” she said, “ that is what I want to know : ‘ the

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1.

With deep devotion,  
We in Christ's sufferings trace  
The unfathom'd ocean  
Of His abounding grace :  
He gave  
Himself, our soul's to save.

2.

His body broken  
Upon the shameful cross,  
As He hath spoken,  
Was given to death for us.  
We feed  
On everlasting bread.

3.

That precious fountain  
Of blood, which from Him flow'd  
On Calvary's mountain,  
Is now on us bestow'd :  
Here we  
Life's well-spring open see.

4.

O Well-Spring, flowing  
Unto eternal life,  
Our souls bedewing ;  
By Thee alone we thrive,  
And are  
Enabled fruit to bear.

unfathomed ocean of His abounding grace.' I have seen, I have felt it to be unfathomed—unfathomed! Oh! what a blessing is life—eternal life; and that He gives. Oh! that fountain opened on Calvary! Other good deeds pass with the lives of those who do them; but *that!* oh! how its effects have reached to remotest ages and countries, so that there is not a flower which is not sprinkled from that fountain. That precious, precious Saviour!"

12th.—She said that she had often in her life been inclined to occupy herself with the prospect close at hand, from finding the bleak hard outline of the Eternal Hills cold and barren to her sight; but that, as she drew nearer, God had in mercy made His light to shine full upon them, so that she could now perceive they were covered with magnificent

## 5.

The Lord draws near us :  
 Let us to meet Him haste.  
 He comes to cheer us ;  
 His flesh is our repast,  
 His blood  
 Our drink and highest good.

## 6.

In sweet communion  
 With Christ our Paschal Lamb,  
 And holy union  
 With all who love His name,  
 May we  
 Abide continually !



trees of the forest, and were rich in fruit and flowers far more pleasant than those close at hand, but yet a continuation of them. It was only for want of faith that those Eternal Hills had ever seemed bleak and bare.

“ I cannot describe,” says one, from whose journal and my own notes I quote indifferently, “ her earnestness in speaking of our Lord’s heart of love, and of all the depths of outward vileness to which He stooped for us. ‘ It was,’ she said, ‘ the depths of her own humiliation, through weakness of body, which had led her to take comfort from the thought of those depths into which love had led our Saviour to descend.’ ”

Sunday evening.—She desired to have the Litany of her Church read to her, after which she herself read from the Baptismal Service: “ Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into His death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! and the life which thou livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God who loved thee and gave Himself for thee.” These words she afterwards recurred to again and again. It was remarked that this “ dying in Christ ” was hard, since it implied the cutting up by the roots of the separate being. “ But our Lord,” she replied, “ has such variety and multiplicity in those things which can be enjoyed in Him, in His root. We cannot give up

ourselves without being in close communion with Him, or without keeping His sufferings closely and constantly before us. Oh! the importance of fidelity in the very least thing! for it is thus we make truths live within us through keeping them in constant exercise. How often God speaks to us to give up some indulgence for Him, and says, as it were, ‘Give up these pebbles, my little child, and I will give thee gold instead.’ Sorrow purifies the eyes, and enables us to see there is no abiding happiness except in Jesus.”

It was at this time, from her own severe sufferings and the many appliances which were found necessary for their relief, that she was led in a peculiar degree to consider the sufferings of *the poor*. It seemed to her as if God had spoken in the silence of her soul, and showed it to be His will that she should provide for others as He had provided for her. She accordingly spoke to her kind friend and medical attendant, Mr. Greig; and by his help, many articles were contrived, with the utmost possible pains, to promote the comfort of the poor in sickness. It was deeply upon her heart that these various appliances should ever be brought to our Lord’s suffering members as remembrances of the love with which He watched over them; and she solemnly committed the carrying out of this thought to two of her friends.

18th.—She spoke affectingly again and again

of being stripped of all, and of her extreme poverty as to spiritual things, and of having nothing to rest upon in herself, but “CHRIST, CHRIST!” The sense of His love, and glory, and nearness, did indeed seem all-sufficient to her soul. She appeared to the eyes of others to be filled with His grace, though it was hidden from her own. She exemplified, as she experienced, the reality of those words, “Christ *in you*, the hope of glory.”

She said afterwards, “Oh! that God would give me a real faith, not only in Himself, but such a view of the penalty due to sin, that I might, perfectly from the heart, acquiesce in every pain of the mortal agony which He uses to unloose the cords of this Tabernacle, and bring down my body to the dust. Blessed be His name that He has shown me what forgiveness is! but I want equally to know the justice of His condemnation of sin, and with my whole heart to bow to it, and accept it in my own dying body.”

30th. — She spoke of that “dear, dear, precious Saviour,” as feeling Him always with her. She said, “Oh! the *unsearchable* riches of Christ! it seems as if they were all around me and about me continually; when I wake up and when I sleep, they are with me. His love, that it is which is the only solid comfort, but that is comfort indeed. Oh! the happiness of being His!” She told me, whether

she could speak hereafter or not, to say how it was with her; to believe and *know* that God was with her, that He would uphold her, and hold her hand, and bring her out of the depths.

It was her constant habit to pour forth her soul in sustained vocal prayer, when she seemed mindful only of the presence of God, and unconscious of all beside. On one of these occasions, she said, as if from the depth of her soul, "O Lord! no righteousness but Thine: I have none of my own, nothing but sin; but Thou art all mercy; clothe me in Thy spotless robe. Thou, dear Lord, hast lain in the grave; from it Thou didst ascend to glory. I am unworthy, but grant that after the grave, I also may ascend to Thee."

On a former occasion, when very ill, she had said, "We will be cheerful and happy, even in the dark valley." And now, when she was indeed passing through it, and, for the most part, in severe bodily suffering, there was nothing more astonishing to those around her than her great cheerfulness. Even the playfulness of mind, which characterised her through life, remained to the very last. How little can the detail here given, though truthful, convey an idea of what these scenes were to those whose privilege it was to witness them!

As long as it continued possible, she was moved into the drawingroom adjoining her bedroom, each

day, for change and refreshment. On one of these occasions she almost fainted, and would have fallen had she not been supported by her kind and watchful nurse until help could be obtained. I think she believed herself dying. When she had revived a little, she looked out on the lovely afternoon, and with a smile of inexpressible peace said, "Oh! how sweet it is to think of the resurrection from the grave, and of life eternal!" And then, as if she fixed her eye on the dark passage which led to it, she added, "My heart and my flesh may fail: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever,—*for ever.*"

Later in her illness she said, in reference to her hope that the doctors would not adopt a treatment which might cloud her mind, "I have been thinking so much of those words, 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord'—and, in this way, I earnestly desire, when I die, to *die unto the Lord*; I mean, to yield up my soul to Him willingly, deliberately, and *consciously*,—looking steadfastly up into His face, as to one known, and loved, and trusted."

"How delightful is it," she said one day, "to think of the Church triumphant, and to realise that, ere long, undeserving though I am, I shall join that glorious company. There I shall see the redeemed from every nation, and kingdom, and people. There will be John Wesley and Charles, St. Francis de

Sales, Fénelon, Fletcher, Howard, the Port Royalists, all who have loved their Lord : each and all will be surrounded with a halo of glory, issuing from Christ, their once crucified but now exalted Master ; and with faces bowed down before the throne, will they ascribe, as with one voice, ‘ Salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever ! ’ ”

One of the trials of her illness, was her inability to take nourishment. For nearly six weeks, nothing more solid passed her lips than the yolk of an egg, and that taken but rarely. Life was sustained by wine ; and sometimes in the morning, she took half a cup of coffee. On one occasion, the servant brought this scanty breakfast on a tray, on which was placed a glass of moss-roses. She looked at them with delight, and said, “ Am I not surrounded with mercies ? How my Heavenly Father scatters blessings before me ! Look at these lovely flowers which He has given me to enjoy ; and not only so, but the kindness with which He fills the hearts of those about me is sweeter still, and this is equally His gift. Oh ! how sweet it is to take all things from the hand of our Father ! When Christian went up the hill, his path was beset with difficulties by the way. I am going down ; but God, in His great mercy, makes these little pauses as it were, and hedges them round with blessings.”



*July 14th.*—"How teaching," she said to-day, "has been this time of sickness to me! I have learnt more during this last month, than ever before in my whole life, of the sufferings of our Lord, and of the streams of blessing, and joy, and comfort which flow from them. I know I have cared, all my life long, too much for my own comfort, and ease, and convenience. God is teaching me, step by step, to give up all these things; for there can be neither ease nor comfort while in constant pain, however much and tenderly those around me try to alleviate my sufferings. And thus, my Heavenly Father is daily stripping me; but blessed be His name! He does all things well. May I glorify His holy name more and more!"

*27th.*—She was for a considerable time in vocal prayer and thanksgiving. She poured forth her praises, to each of the blessed persons of the Holy Trinity, especially for the glorious work of redemption, and for the blessed hope of eternal life; and then she went back, as it were, to her own course, and to the mercies which had led and followed her all her days. Praise seemed the very key-note of her soul.

*28th.*—Mrs. SchimmelPenninck gave directions respecting the "Love Feast" she wished held on the day of her funeral; after which, she continued: "I dislike mourning on such occasions, for I love sym-

pathy with the redeemed spirit, rather than with the perishing body ; and, if it may be, I should like the ancient custom of the Brethren's Church to be carried out at my funeral, that no mourning should then be worn, and that those nearly bound to me should be dressed in white, in order that in appearance, as well as in reality, there should only be thanksgiving."

She desired to be buried in the Moravian burying-ground, and requested that Mr. La Trobe might preach her funeral sermon on the words, " Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." " But mind," she added, " let it contain no word of praise ; I deserve none : but let me rather be held up as a warning and an instruction to all. Oh ! that I had devoted myself a thousand times more to God, the living God ! He alone is worthy."

*August 4th.* — To-day Mrs. SchimmelPenninck received, for the last time, the Holy Communion. We assembled round her dying bed. It was a most affecting scene. She was perfectly self-possessed and happy. After several hymns had been sung, she asked to have, for the last time, the hymn which had so long been the utterance of her heart : " Lord, let thy blest angelic bands." \* The invisible things

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\* Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands  
Convey my soul into Thy hands,  
When soul and body sever ;

of the heavenly inheritance she was so nearly approaching, seemed to rise more vividly before her than the yet seen things of earth. After the service was over, she addressed each of those assembled round her bed, and gave solemn thanks to God for being "a member of the Brethren's Church, which had been the channel of such unspeakable blessings to her soul." She expressed her deep sense of having unworthily responded to this inestimable privilege, and turning to Mr. La Trobe, thanked God for having given her so faithful a pastor, and asked his forgiveness, and that of her "brethren and sisters" of the Moravian congregation, for all her deficiencies and offences towards them.

At this period of her illness, it was thought desirable for her comfort that the organ should be removed from the drawingroom, which was separated from her bedroom by folding-doors. Though it was her own wish that this arrangement should be

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My body, though reduced to dust,  
Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)

Raise up to live for ever.

Then shall I see Thee face to face,  
In everlasting joy and peace,  
And sing, with all the saints above,  
The wonders of redeeming love.

O Christ, my Lord :

I'll Thee adore,

Here and above for evermore.

made, what she felt to be a final parting from her beloved organ caused deep emotion.

A few days afterwards, she told me, with much thankfulness, that she had had a sweet dream. "I thought," she said, "that I was surrounded by a large company, amongst whom was Lady D——, whose countenance (I could draw it) was changed, yet still the same. It was full of holiness and peace. From her lips issued the sounds of the sweetest hymn. While listening intently, to catch every note, I heard a deep sound swelling as it were from beneath; it rose and rose, till at last it took the sound of my organ; and then, from its midst, issued these words: 'It is true the keys of that organ shall never again be touched by thy fingers; that is passed away from thee which once sounded forth My praises; but O take courage, it shall be still used to My glory, and mingle its tones amidst the voices of My true worshippers.' And whilst these comfortable words still dwelt in my ear, a mighty sound issued, as if from the deepest diapason, with which all around united, of 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' and I awoke."

"This has been a pleasant dream," continued Mrs. SchimmelPenninck; "and I thank God for it. It has cheered me, and all good comes from Him; but I wish thee distinctly to understand the vast difference

between a mere dream and that visitation in which God speaks distinctly and unmistakably to the soul He has created. 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me,' says our Lord; and by those who listen, that voice is distinctly heard; that still small voice which, amidst the tumult of the world without and the conflict of our own passions within, yet speaks, directs, warns, consoles."

She then alluded to the wishes she had expressed relative to the disposal of her organ after her departure, that it should be given by her executors to a congregation of devoted people, where henceforth it would alone be used to the praise and glory of God. "How I hope," she said, "that my dream may be realised; and that they may place my dear organ with a congregation of living worshippers."

17th. — "I am so happy," she said to-day; "I seem to be like Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' who at last 'threw away their crutches and danced for joy;' yet I fear to speak of these things, lest it should be imagined I glory in myself. It is all,—*all* the great mercy of God. I am nothing, and have nothing." Then again, afterwards: "I am sometimes so full of joy, that I know not how to express it; but be sure no praise, nothing, be ascribed to me, the most unworthy of God's children; but—

“I will rejoice in God my Saviour,  
And magnify this act of love ;  
I’m lost in wonder at His favour,  
Which made him leave His throne above,  
To take upon Him human nature —  
To suffer for His wretched creature  
Dire anguish, keenest pain,  
And death-pangs to sustain,  
My soul to gain.”

This was repeated throughout, as if every word were the utterance of her inmost soul.

As time passed on and the disease increased, her sufferings increased likewise, but they were sustained in a manner altogether wonderful. When the paroxysm of pain came on, she often reverted to her mother. “My dear, dear mother,” said she, “how little she thought when she taught me, a little child, more than seventy years ago, to bear pain, how her lessons would be called into exercise. I am often impatient, but yet I seek to bear this suffering, and to take it from my Heavenly Father.” And afterwards she continued, “I am ready to meet, and patiently to bear, every part of death, every pang, every suffering that leads to it; only, O Lord, do Thou, who hast tasted death, be very near to support my poor weak heart. Do Thou, in Thy infinite love and tender compassion, pity me; guide me; sustain me; and afterwards receive me to glory.”



Her feebleness was at this time extreme: it seemed almost impossible to remove her into her bed, after she had left it for needful refreshment. "We were this morning more than an hour vainly trying to accomplish this. We almost thought she would have sunk under the effort. Wonderful was it to hear her, even before her head was on the pillow, burst forth in words, almost in a song, of praise; repeating the 150th Psalm in Hebrew, in a voice which showed that, sunk as was her physical power, the sense of God's love still upheld and sustained her."

18th. — Severe pain came on. I asked if I could not do any thing for her, or change her position. "Nothing," she said, "but pray for me; ask my dear Lord, if it be His will, to enable me to move, to get a little more ease; but *mind*," she added, "only if it be His will; He knows best."

"Mine has been a crushed life," she said to me in the evening, "and there have been times when I have keenly felt the absence of sympathy in Divine things, even with God's children; but what then? It was a blessing, though hidden from me; for I am easily touched, and perhaps led away, by love and kindness; and so the absence of sympathy in the things of God sent me to Him alone. He taught

me all I know ; and, oh ! what a tower of strength is this in my hour of need. Man could now do nothing for me ; my dear, dear Lord does all. He supports and sustains His poor servant, and at last He will receive me to Himself.”

She spoke to her kind friend and medical attendant, Doctor Symonds, of her many and great mercies, and of the love and kindness which cheered the sinking heart ; but, above all, of the love of God, which changed the face of all things, and turned mourning into singing. Oh ! how glowing were her words, when she expressed her love to God or man, or spoke of her many mercies ; while her countenance, to all who looked upon it, like that of Moses when he came down from the mount, seemed lighted up by the Divine glory.

She spoke also much, at different times, to the members of her household, and sent for her coachman, in whose family she had taken a great interest, that she might take leave of him, and speak to him about his children.

She had desired, by name, the prayers of the congregation of Christ Church, and was much comforted by the visits of the Rev. M. Brock, their minister, and touched by his great kindness. She recurred to it again and again, but all things of time were now rapidly passing away from her.

20th.—Mrs. SchimmelPenninck desired me to

read Dr. Doddridge's hymn "How meanly dwells the immortal mind." \* When I had finished, she hid

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1.

How meanly dwells the immortal mind,  
How vile these bodies are !  
Why was a clod of earth design'd  
T' enclose a heavenly star ?

2.

Weak cottage, where our souls reside,  
This flesh a tott'ring wall ;  
With frightful breaches gaping wide,  
The building bends to fall.

3.

"Alas ! how frail our state !" said I,  
And thus went mourning on,  
'Till sudden from the cleaving sky  
A gleam of glory shone.

4.

My soul all felt the glory come,  
And breath'd her native air ;  
Then she remember'd Heaven, her home,  
And she a prisoner here.

5.

Straight she began to change her key,  
And, joyful in her pains,  
She sang the frailty of her clay  
In pleasurable strains.

6.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!  
Flesh, but a tottering wall ;  
The breaches cheerfully foretell  
The house must shortly fall.

her face for a few minutes, and then burst forth in a most earnest and beautiful prayer, that she might welcome, as it were, every stroke of the hammer, every pain, every suffering which denoted the shaking of the earthly tabernacle, and the near and blessed prospect of the freedom of the immortal tenant. "Be sure," she said afterwards, "to tell Mr. La Trobe and my Church the great things Christ has done for me. Let them sing joyful hymns at my funeral,—only giving all praise, all glory, to my merciful, most gracious Lord. We hear much," she continued, "of the trials of illness. I will speak of its blessings. If I had a hundred tongues, I could

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## 7.

"I have a mansion built above  
By the Eternal Hand,  
And should the earth's whole basis move,  
My heavenly house must stand.

## 8.

"Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns—  
I long to see my God—  
And His immortal strength sustains  
The courts that cost His blood."

## 9.

Hark! from on high my Saviour calls :  
"I come, my Lord, my love ;  
Devotion breaks the prison walls  
And speeds my last remove."

not declare God's goodness to me at this time: the love and kindness with which you all surround me, the absence of conventionalities, their exchange for love, and peace, and joy, and, above all, the light of my Heavenly Father's countenance. Who shall say this is not happiness? And then think of my mercies! That lovely feather-grass (some which had lately been given her) tells of the blessings of my childhood and youth, when I lived in my own beautiful home, and used to see that grass at my dear grandfather's. It brings back sweet and holy associations long since passed away. And then I recall the blessings of my middle life, and, above all, the blessings of my old age: they are more than can be numbered. 'Mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD for ever,'—for ever."

Afterwards she spoke of the Paradise of God, and said, "It is like a vast garden, filled with the choicest plants, each beautiful, though each differing in kind and variety of fruit, but the very difference adding to the beauty of the whole. Every plant of God's planting will yield sweet fruit, as honey to the bee whose industry seeks it out."

24th.—At this time, when she fell asleep for a few minutes, she ever seemed, as it were, to awake with God. In the midst of her bitter suffering, her first thought was of Him. She had an almost sleep-

less night, and yet, when I went to her, her first words were, "I am so comfortable, so happy." "What makes thee so?" I said. "The presence of God," she replied; "I awake and feel He is waiting to be gracious. His mercies are new every morning,—numberless. And then I speak to my dear Lord, and He speaks to me. Can more be desired?"

25th.—After asking to have read to her the hymn, "What shall I feel, when I the glorious choirs espy,"\*

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1.

What shall I feel, when I  
The glorious choirs espy  
In bliss unceasing :  
Already in my heart  
Rays from bright Salem dart,  
With hopes most pleasing.

2.

I hear th' enraptur'd song  
Rais'd by the blessed throng  
Of the redeemed ;  
Seated upon the throne,  
The Lamb once slain, alone  
Is worthy deemed.

3.

Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,  
When here thy race is run,  
Shalt have the favour  
To go and join the blest,  
And there at home to rest  
With Christ, thy Saviour.



Mrs. SchimmelPenninck said, that if she chose that and other triumphant hymns for her funeral, it must

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## 4.

Then shall thy woe and grief  
Find a most sure relief  
In joys unbounded :  
Triumphant songs shall be  
To the blest Trinity  
For ever sounded.

## 5.

How blest when we can say  
All else is pass'd away,  
And love prevaieth !  
No longer faith and hope  
We need to bear us up,  
Love never faileth.

## 6.

See, how the victors go  
In raiment white as snow,  
With glory crowned ;  
He grants to them, through grace,  
Around His throne a place,  
On whom death frowned.

## 7.

The Bridegroom now appears,  
He wipes off all our tears,  
And ends all sadness ;  
To Him I had resigned  
Myself, and now am joined  
In perfect gladness.

not be understood as making any profession about herself. "O remember, if I have any part in them," she said, "it is only in the Lord." We asked her to tell us of her happiness: she said, "Well, thoughts of glory and happiness do continually overflow my heart; but I have not dared to speak of them, lest I should speak of myself; for it is only in the Lord that I have any thing at all; but He does often fill the room with glory. And then I see the Good Shepherd, and He seems to carry me in His bosom, with such compassion in His eyes. I

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## 8.

O Lord, grant my request,  
To be in Heav'n at rest,  
When 'tis Thy pleasure;  
Then, to eternity,  
I ne'er shall parted be  
From Thee, my Treasure.

## 9.

At Thy through-pierced feet  
I'll humbly take my seat,  
There 's Heav'n's enjoyment:  
To give Thee thanks and praise,  
For all Thy love and grace,  
Be my employment.

## 10.

While here, I live by faith,  
Relying on Thy death,  
For Thou'rt my Saviour;  
There I shall sweetly rest,  
Reclining on Thy breast,  
In peace for ever.

am the least and the lowest of the children of God; but is not every one of His children remembered before Him? Oh! let nothing be said of me, but let all glory be given to my glorious, faithful, and adorable Saviour."

It was shortly before her departure, that suddenly, in the midst of a state in which the power of coherent thought seemed almost extinguished through the extremity of weakness, she lifted up her voice, and said to those about her, "Rejoice with me, rejoice with me! I am entering my Father's house."

Once again, and for the last time, was her voice heard in its accustomed tones, saying, as if listening with delight—"Do you not hear the voices? and the children's are the loudest!"

May not the spiritual ear have heard songs of joy and hymns of thanksgiving, uttered by those who had gone before, in glad welcome to the soul who had yet to cross the Jordan to the blessed Land of Promise?

She departed, with scarcely a sigh, soon after six o'clock, on the evening of the 29th of August, 1856.

Her wishes were all complied with. Her mortal part rests in the spot she loved so well, the peaceful burying ground attached to the Moravian Chapel, Bristol. There it awaits the resurrection of the just.

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